Encounter

D. W. BROGAN
the Presidency

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the unlovely war

RICHARD STERN
teeth—a story

JAMES MORRIS
letter from Tangier

HERBERT LUETHY
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British Painting

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"No, My Lord"

C. Day Lewis
The Voyage

edited by
Stephen Spender & Melvin J. Lasky

January 1964
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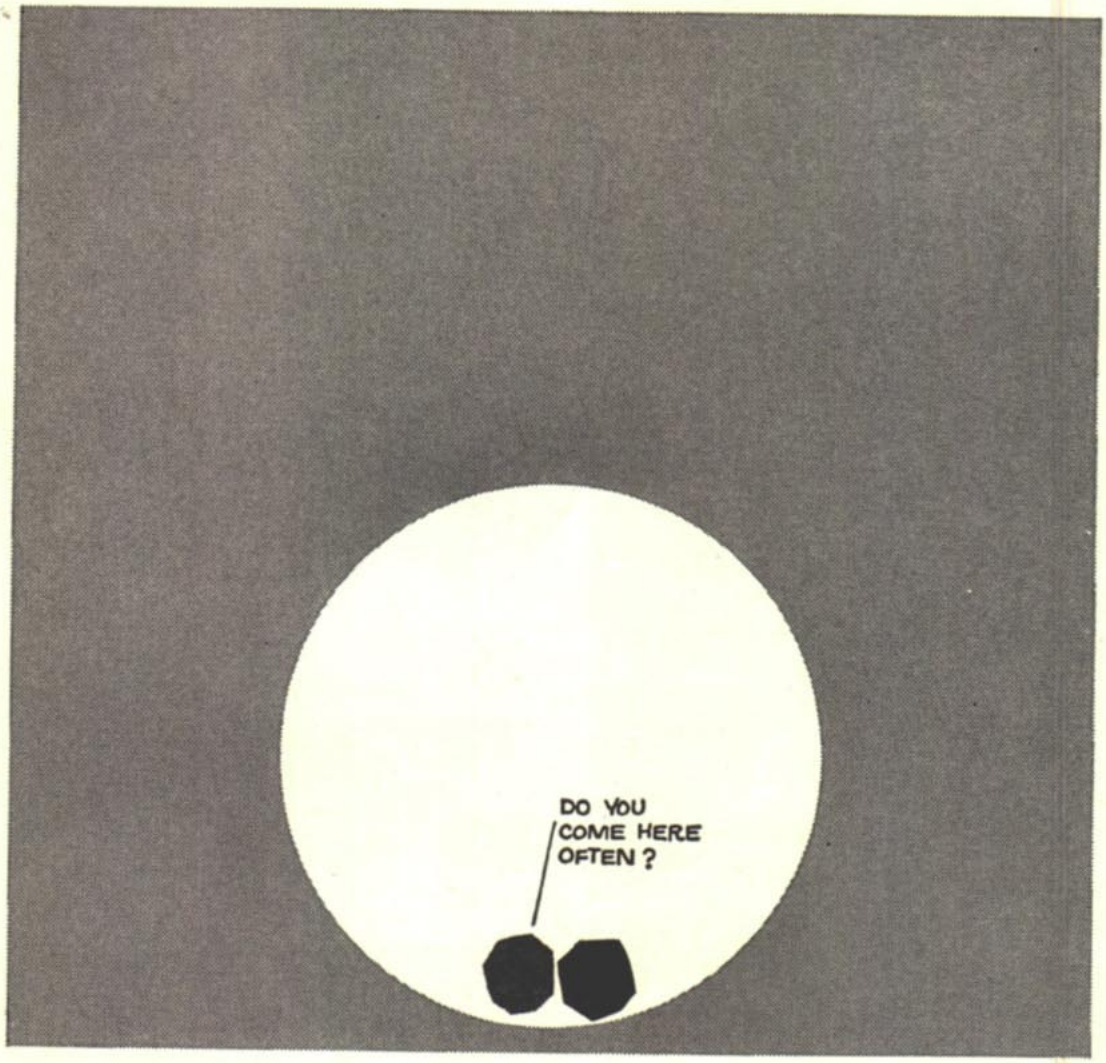
TUNNEL OF LOVE



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Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

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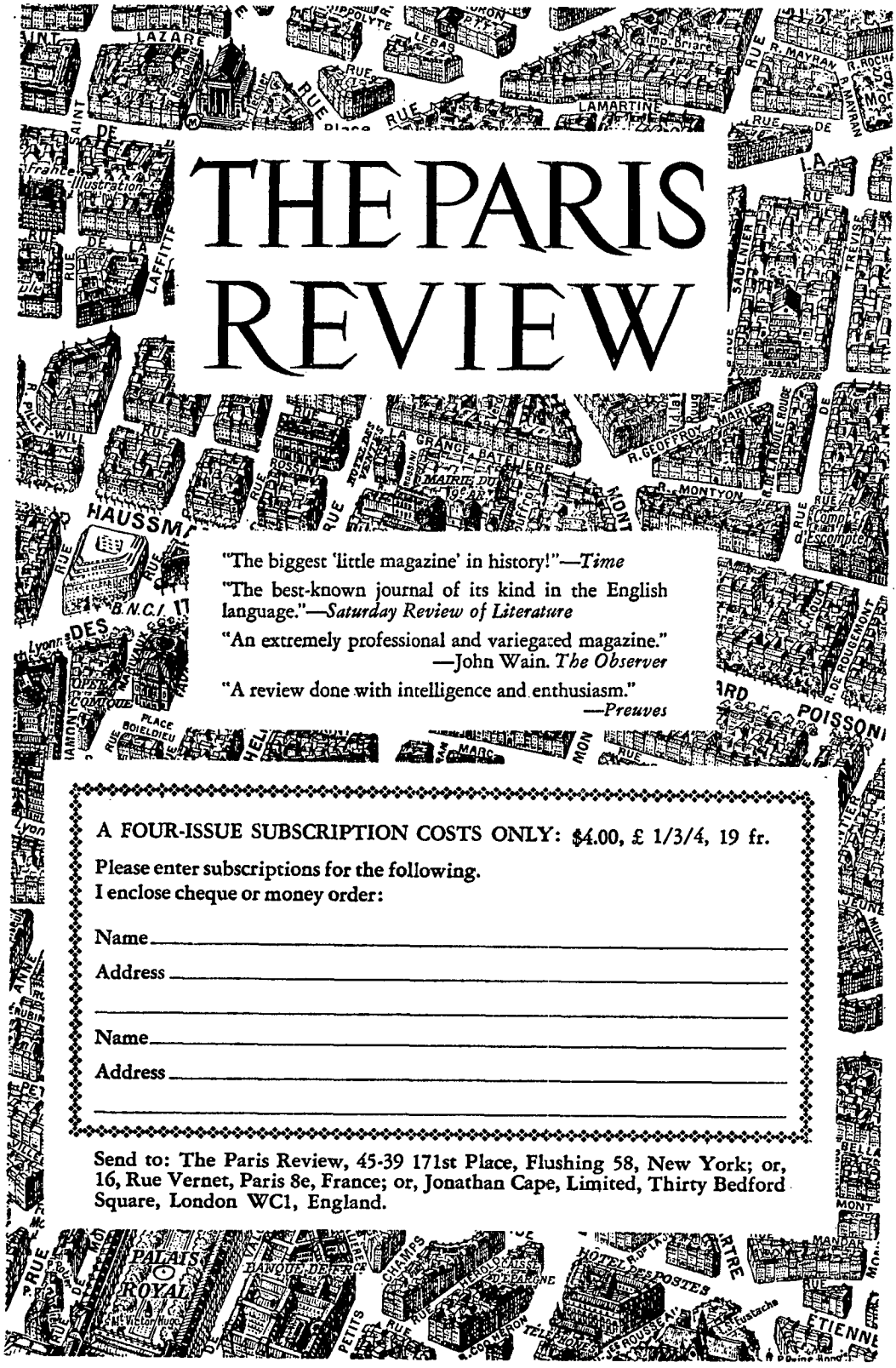
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D. W. Brogan

The Presidency

THE ASSASSINATION of President Kennedy has brought out, in an agonizing way, the realities of the American presidency and has again demonstrated its unique function as a political organism. The first truth to be asserted about this great office is that the President of the United States is a monarch. The Constitution, in deliberately ambiguous terms, entrusts to him the whole executive power of the Union and in addition confers on him the separate office of Commander-in-Chief with complete control of the armed forces. This, of course, does not mean the President is an absolute monarch. He has to share power with Congress (as President Kennedy painfully discovered in his three years in the White House); and both he and Congress share power with the Supreme Court.

Nevertheless, it is important again to insist on the monarchical character of the American presidency. It is monarchical in two ways: monarchical because of the concentration of power in the hands of one man, monarchical because he, more than any other institution (and every President is an institution), embodies *"We the People of the United States."* In the President, in any President, the American people see their embodied power and see their own driving force personified.

In another sense, the President is a monarch. For he performs many of the ritual functions of an hereditary monarch. He is the universal patron of good causes, a role that the late President Kennedy took very seriously. His precedence is as automatic as that of the Queen. He lives in the most historical building in Washington, the only one that has an aura of majesty about it. American boys are continually told that they can, when they grow up, become President of the United States (girls are not yet told that they can). Under the easy and democratic exterior, the protocol of the White House is as severe as the protocol of Buckingham Palace. The presidential inauguration is a kind of quadrennial coronation. And even the President who has made an immense number of enemies remains President and is entitled, except among the most pathologically minded, to respect and indeed, for his office if not for himself, to reverence.

THE WHITE HOUSE ITSELF symbolises the character of this great office. On the one hand, it is a princely residence; on the other, it is a power house. It is what Versailles or the Hofburg were in the days of the great monarchies of Europe. Beside, behind Buckingham Palace, there is 10 Downing Street; there is nothing beside, nothing behind the White House. True, General de Gaulle in the *Elysée* at the moment performs a double function as political leader and as the mandatory of the Sovereign People. But General de Gaulle is a phenomenon, he is not an institution. The *Elysée* has none of the magical, none of the sacred character of the White House. Nor does General de Gaulle as President of the Republic or in person impose on his enemies a reverence that the presidential office imposes on the enemies of any President of the United States.

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WASHINGTON is a great pilgrimage city. To it come from all over the United States hundreds of thousands of visitors, especially parents bringing their young children to the sacred shrine of the Republic. The White House is not unique in Washington. Many children are brought by parents to see the Supreme Court in session and are suitably touched by the usher's proclamation at the beginning of each session of the Court, *"God Save the United States and this Honourable Court."* Some children are possibly impressed by the Senate, some possibly even by the House of Representatives. But neither of these bodies has any air of the sacred about itself, and it can hardly be said that in recent years this refusal to give to Congress the reverence given to the presidency has been an act of manifest injustice. The Speaker of the House of Representatives, the leaders of the Senate may be and in the past sometimes have been great men, but they are not august; there is no charisma attached to their office.

Children and their parents pour through the White House during the visiting hours, entering a shrine far more august than that of the Supreme Court, not to speak of the Capitol. For one thing, the building is much more a part of history. It has been altered inside and out, it has been tactfully extended, but it is fundamentally the building into which John Adams moved while it was still unfinished for the last month or two of his unhappy term in office. It has known the horrors of war. It was burned by a British army, and there is a legend, not totally vindicated, that it got the name "White House" because of the paint put over it to hide the scars of burning. It was called the White House by the American people long before Theodore Roosevelt made that the official name of the Executive Mansion.

An elegant piece of Dublin architecture transplanted to the United States, it is perhaps the only important official building in Washington of intrinsic architectural merit. But it is not to admire this copy of Leinster House in Dublin (which now houses the Daíl) that the pilgrims come. They come to what may not extravagantly be described as the Parthenon of the American Acropolis. It is a house soaked in history and soaked in blood. The great ghost that walks through the White House is that of the greatest of Presidents, Abraham Lincoln, and this gives the necessary tragic note to this national shrine. It was to the White House he returned after his visit to conquered Richmond; it was on the way to the White House upon the Potomac that he recited, *"Duncan is in his grave. After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."* It was here his body was brought, and the Lincoln Room is still the most sacred part of the White House.

BUT NOT ALL MEMORIES of the White House are as dark as those of the Good Friday of 1865 on which the first assassination of an American President took place. The first real tenant of the White House, and one who left his mark on it, was Thomas Jefferson, and it was characteristic of the late President Kennedy that when he gave his famous party for the American Nobel Prizemen in literature and science he should have said there was more talent and genius gathered in the White House that night than there had ever been except when Thomas Jefferson dined alone.

Other great makers of the American tradition haunt the White House. Across Lafayette Square is the absurd and endearing equestrian statue of General Andrew Jackson, one of the great makers of the presidential office. The first man to dare to tamper with the sacred structure was Theodore Roosevelt; and the President under whose direction the White House was totally reconstructed within is still alive, Harry S. Truman. To see American families going through the public rooms of the White House which are shown to them (and which are far more attractive now than they were a few years ago, thanks to the energy and good taste of Mrs. Kennedy) is to get a lesson in the intensity of American reverence for American history and the degree to which that artificial construction, the United States of America, has gained blood, flesh, and

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spirit since it was launched uncertainly in the dread year, 1789. In that year there was a King of France, a King of England, a Holy Roman Emperor, a Czarina of all the Russias, a very powerful and sagacious Emperor in Peking, a powerful Shogun and an impotent Emperor in Japan. Of all these strictly monarchical offices, only one now remains, that of the Queen of England. Yet the office that Queen Elizabeth II holds is very different indeed from the office held by George III, while the office that President Lyndon Johnson now holds is basically the office to which George Washington was unanimously elected.

WE TEND TO THINK of America as having no history or having a short history when in fact it has the longest effectively continuous political history in the world, marked by only one great breakdown, the Civil War—and that ended in the triumph of the Union, a triumph won at an immense expenditure of blood and an immense expenditure of national feeling—a loss from which the United States is still suffering, and of which it is indeed possible that President Kennedy's assassination is one of the long-term consequences.

THE WHITE HOUSE is open not only to tourists, it is also open to not very important visitors to parties and receptions, and I was myself struck and moved by seeing on television the East Room where the dead President's body had been brought and where I had seen and talked with him and his wife—one full of energy, the other dazzling—only a few months before.

But there is, of course, another side to the White House which gives it its double character. There are the private rooms where the President and his wife, and his children if he has them with him, can take some refuge from the intense pressures of the publicity that beats on any American President. President and Mrs. Kennedy were especially successful in preserving something of the air of a private house in the midst of this great national monument of publicity and power. But the real contrast is not between the public and the private quarters. It is between the White House as a residence, as the great official American home, and the White House as the centre of power of the most powerful state in the world. Its weight of power can be felt, it seems to me, oddly enough in the silence which at times pervades the administrative quarters, the two wings on each side of the White House which accommodate the closest members of the presidential staff. They of course have floods of visitors in the daytime, and the President, however hard he tries, cannot always protect himself against intrusive visitors, including some whose impudence startles a European. But I have been in the White House executive wing at night and felt its powerful silence. These corridors, half underground, are indeed "corridors of power." Kipling, in a famous passage describing how he received the Nobel Prize in Stockholm during the period of Court mourning for the death of King Oscar, remarked that the only sound in the vast palace was the click of the decorations on the chests of the Court officials. There are no decorations worn by non-military officials in the White House, but there are Court officials all the same.

The White House is a Court because the President is a monarch. I used to be asked frequently during the last war by British officials posted to Washington what was the best book to describe the strange new world they were entering on. I didn't recommend Tocqueville or Bryce or even Brogan. I recommended Saint-Simon. I used to say, "You must remember you are going to a Court. You must abandon all your regular Whitehall ideas of official priorities and hierarchies. You cannot estimate the power of some people you will meet by their official title or by the quality of their carpet. You must watch out for those who have the ear of the President, the only ear that really counts."

IN F.D.R.'S DAY, it was advisable to notice who saw the President in his bedroom before

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he put on the crippling apparatus which alone allowed him to make public appearances. Sometimes the *éminence grise* took public office, as Harry Hopkins did, and as Colonel House did at the time of the negotiation of the Treaty of Versailles. Sometimes some of the most powerful figures round the President have been officials of nominally secondary rank. Yet it is as certain as things can be that Mr. McGeorge Bundy was a good deal more important under President Kennedy than some members of the formal cabinet. Confidants rose and fell, grew in favour or became an intolerable political burden, as happened to the unfortunate Governor Sherman Adams under President Eisenhower. But all of their importance came from their access to the President, off the record, unofficial, or in some instances official but still off the record. The White House is very much smaller than Versailles, but the corridors round the President's private offices are like the Galérie des Glaces or the Oeil-de-Boeuf at Versailles. One could almost feel the hopes and fears, the desires as strong as sexual lust, in the breasts of some who had, and others who wished to have, access to the *arcana imperii*.

IT IS FOR THIS REASON that the President of the United States must be "a lonely man." If he has too many friends, especially friends of the wrong kind, and if he too openly abandons to them the prerogatives that the nation has conferred on him, he goes the way of Warren Gamaliel Harding. The power must finally be in his hands. As Mr. Truman put it on the little brass ornament he kept on his desk, "The buck stops here."

It is because the buck stops there, the final decision—for example the dread decision to blockade Cuba last year, made by Mr. Kennedy after long and careful consultations, but made officially and alone by him—that the presidency has in the eyes of the American people this sacred character. The President is given a charge like that given to the Roman dictator of old, "that no harm befall the Republic." As the greatest of Presidents, Lincoln, asserted more than once, he alone took the special oath which the Constitution imposes on the President, "that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." Most Presidents have done their best in trying to live up to that oath, and some have died by violence in trying to carry out their duties, as Abraham Lincoln and John Kennedy did. It is a savage thing to say, but I have no doubt that some of the sacredness of the presidency comes from the fact that it has had its martyrs.

The presidency was never a mere secular office after the murder of Lincoln. It is true that his mantle has been thrown over some rather curious successors. Harding, by universal agreement the worst President ever to hold the office, was lamented with great sincerity when he died suddenly—and not a moment too soon. William McKinley was generally regretted, with fairly good reason. But so far as most of the presidential deaths in office, by violence or by the work of nature, are concerned the change has not necessarily been great or more than merely political. But the most recent death recalls two previous deaths which were shocks to the American people because they brought into play this religious reverence for the presidential office and this sense of the immense importance of that office, never so great as to-day when the President of the United States could destroy the human race.

THE THREE DEATHS which have given this kind of shock to the American people have been the deaths of Abraham Lincoln, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Contrasts are obvious enough. In age, in background, in length of service, they differ greatly. But each was, in a very visible sense, *the* leader in a time of troubles. Lincoln had a well authenticated premonition of some great event about to occur, and may indeed have had some premonition of his death in the days before Good Friday, 1865. He was struck down in the moment of victory after

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uttering in the Second Inaugural the noblest speech of a victorious leader in history. His death provoked an outburst of horror and grief, especially among the Negroes, which has been equalled only in November, 1963.

The death of F.D.R. was less unexpected, although it was not expected at that time; it had come suddenly and especially shocked millions of young Americans who had never known any other President. As there were "myths after Lincoln," there were myths after the death of F.D.R. When his body was brought through New York on its way to his ancestral home in Hyde Park, a black cloud settled over Manhattan and moved the superstitious to reverie: it was an old story,

> *When beggars die, there are no comets seen:*
> *The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.*

What legends will grow up around the death of John Kennedy it is too early to say.

BUT THIS SUDDEN DEATH of the youngest man ever elected to the presidency brings out another side of the great office. *"The King is dead, long live the King."* President Lyndon Johnson is the eighth American Vice-President to succeed to the presidency by the death of the incumbent. No Vice-President is chosen because he is openly regarded as the next President. President Lyndon Johnson had far more serious claim to be considered a presidential candidate than had most Vice-Presidents in American history; but he has come to office through violent death. The point to notice is that he is as fully President as if he had been elected by the American people to that office, as much as the legitimate heir—the Prince of Wales or a Dauphin—succeeding to an ancient throne.

Mr. Truman has told us of the horror and astonishment and shock with which he received the news that he had suddenly become President of the United States, an office for which he had very little preliminary training. We know with what courage and energy Mr. Truman rose to the height of his responsibilities. President Johnson has far more training for the presidential office than had Mr. Truman. It is not only that at once the new President is surrounded by the secret service and that all the vast machinery of Federal Government is under his hand, it is that the American people turn with sympathy and with trust to the new incumbent. Presidents succeeding in this way have sometimes disappointed the hopes of the American people; sometimes they have much more than fulfilled those hopes. There is a famous story which underlies this character of the presidency, the legitimacy of the succession. Chester Arthur, who succeeded the assassinated Garfield in 1881, had been a noted playboy, and the friend of some of the most dashing men about town in New York and Newport. Shortly after his accidental accession, he was in that great centre of the American rich, the Newport Yacht Club, when an old social companion walked up to him, clapped him on the back, and said, "How are you, Chet?" The new President turned, said nothing, looked at his old companion who blushed and shambled out of the room. Chet Arthur was now President of the United States; his old companions were as welcome to the new President as Falstaff was to Henry V.

President Johnson has far better training for the job than President Arthur ever had, but he has a far more difficult job to fulfil. For now he is not only President of the United States, but the leader of one of the two great coalitions into which the world is divided. Like his predecessor President Kennedy, he is and must be our leader as well as the leader of the American people. But he is above all the leader of the American people, the embodiment of the power and majesty of the American state.

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C. Day Lewis

The Voyage

Translated from Baudelaire

Children, in love with maps and gravings, know
A universe the size of all they lack.
How big the world is by their lamps' clear glow!
But ah, how small to memory looking back!

One morning we set out, our heads on fire,
Our yearning hearts sulky with sour unease,
Following the waves' rhythm, nursing our desire
For the unbounded on those earth-bound seas.

Some glad to leave an infamous birthplace: some
To escape the cradle's nightmare; and a few—
Star-gazers drowned in a woman's eyes—it's from
The scent and power of Circe that they flew.

Not to be changed to beasts, they drug their minds
With space and the large light and burning sky:
The ice that bites them and the suns that bronze
Efface the scar of kisses gradually.

But the true travellers are those who go
For going's sake: hearts light as a balloon,
They never slip their fate: why it is so
They cannot tell, but the word is "Fare on!"

With longings shaped like naked girls, they dream—
As a recruit of gunfire—there impend
Huge pleasures, changeful and untried, whose fame
Is past the wit of man to comprehend.

II

God, that we should behave like top and ball
Bouncing and twirling! Even in our sleep
The Unknown we seek gives us no rest at all,
Like suns tormented by an Angel's whip.

Strange game, whose goal is always on the move
And being nowhere, may be any place;
And Man, whose hope no setbacks will disprove,
Keeps running madly just to catch repose.

The soul is a three-master, Ithaka-bound.
"Keep your eyes skinned!" a sea voice will implore;
From the maintop a keen, mad voice resound
"Love . . . glory . . . luck!" Oh hell, we've run ashore!

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Each little isle hailed by the look-out man
Is the Promised Land, golden beyond belief:
Such revels he imagines, but he'll scan
By the cold light of dawn only a reef.

Fairytale lands—that they should craze him so!
Clap him in irons? Pitch him overboard?—
This bold Columbus, drunken matelot,
Whose mirage makes our sea more hard to abide.

So the old tramp goes pounding through the shit
And, nose in air, dreams up a paradise;
The meanest shanties where a candle's lit
Are Pleasure-Domes to his enchanted eyes.

III

Amazing voyagers, what splendid tales
Your sea-deep eyes have printed on them. Rare
The jewel caskets of your chronicles:
Show us those gems, fashioned from stars and air.

We'd voyage, but we have no sail or screw.
Liven our souls, that would be canvas-taut.
Breathe your horizon memories, view on view,
Over the boredom of our prisoned thought.

Tell us, what have you seen?

IV

We've seen some stars,
Some waves; and we have met with sand-banks too:
For all the uncharted hazards and the jars
We suffered, we were often bored, like you.

Splendour of sunlight on a violet sea,
Splendour of townships in the setting sun
Kindled in us a burning wish to be
Deep in a sky whose mirror lured us on.

Rich towns and landscapes lovely to the gaze
Had never the mysterious appeal
Of those that chance created out of haze
And our impassioned wanting made so real.

Enjoying gives desire more potency—
Desire that feeds on pleasure: the bark grows
Thicker and tougher on the ageing tree,
But its boughs strain to see the sun more close.

Will you be growing still, great tree, who soared
Higher than cypress? . . . Well, since you rejoice
To swallow anything far-fetched, we've worked hard
And brought these sketches for your album, boys.

There we have greeted trumpeting effigies,
Thrones of star-clustered gems dazzling to view,
Palaces wrought by fairy artifice—
Dreams that would bankrupt millionaires like you;

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Dresses which stagger you like drunkenness,
Women with nails and teeth vermilion-stained,
Magicians conjuring a snake's caress.

V

Yes, yes! Go on! And then?

VI

You baby-brained!

Lest we should miss the great, the unique thing,
Ubiquitous and unconcealed we've seen
On the predestined ladder's every rung
The tedious sight of Man's inveterate sin:

Woman, bitch slave, stupid and overweening,
Vain without humour, and without disgust
Self-loving; man, slave to a slave, a stream in
A sewer, all grab and foulness, greed, power, lust:

The thug who loves his work, the sobbing martyr,
The feast that seasons and perfumes the blood;
The prince whom power corrupts into self-murder,
The mob who kiss the brutalising rod:

Several religions, just like our own following,
Bulldoze their path to heaven; the austere,
While dissolute types on feather beds are wallowing,
Gratify their own taste with nails and hair:

Gabbling mankind, drunk on its own nature
And mad today as in all previous years,
Raving with agony bawls to its Maker
"My lord, oh my twin-brother, it's you I curse!"

And the least mad, tough lovers of Alienation,
Fleeing the herd whom fate has corralled in,
Take refuge with a limitless Illusion . . .
Such is our globe's unchanging bulletin.

VII

Acid the knowledge travellers draw. The world,
Little and dull, today, tomorrow and
Tomorrow makes you see yourself—an appalled
Oasis in a tedium of sand.

Should we then go, or stay? If you can, stay:
Go, if you must. One races: one shams death
To cheat the watchful enemy of his prey.
Some runners Time allows no pause for breath—

The wandering Jew, the apostles, who can neither
Escape this gladiator and his net
By ship nor car nor any means: another
Can kill Time without stirring from his cot.

And when He sets his foot upon our spine
At last, we shall cry hopefully "Let's be going!"
Just as in old days when we left for China,
Eyes fixed on distances and our hair blowing,

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We shall embark upon the sea of Shade,
Light-hearted as a young enthusiast.
Now do you hear those voices, sweet and sad,
Singing, "This way, all you who want to taste

The fragrant lotus! Here we shall let you savour
Those miracle fruits, for which your souls were famished:
Come and transport yourselves with the strange flavour
Of a long afternoon that's never finished"?

What's turned unreal, we know from its hackneyed tone.
Dear friends stretch out their arms; and "Swim this way,
Take new life from my loyal heart," cries one
Whose knees we kissed—but that was yesterday.

VIII

Old Captain Death, it's time to go. We're sick
Of this place. Weigh anchor! Set the course, and steer!
Maybe the sky and sea are inky black,
But in our hearts—you know them—all is clear.

Pour us the cordial that kills and cheers.
We wish, for our whole beings burn and burn,
To sound the abyss—heaven or hell, who cares?—
And find the secret wombed in the Unknown.

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Richard G. Stern

Teeth

"In the multiplied objects of the external world I had no thoughts but for the teeth. For these I longed with a phrenzied desire."
POE, *Berenice*

AH, MISS WILMOTT, how did you come to think what you did? Is all your interpreting so askew, so deformed by self-interest? And is your self-interest so unbroken a pup that any street whistle seems its master's voice? To think that you were misled as wisdom itself was being certified in your aching jaws? Those third molars, so long held back, and then so painfully emergent, fangs and cusps clinging savagely to the gum flesh. "Impacted," said Dr. Hobbie, and despite the kind, soft-beaked, confident face behind the metal glasses, you shuddered. You remembered the last one, also impacted, eight months before, also in the Bank Building, though two flights up on the ninth floor in a large office afloat in the strawberry light off the lake. Dr. Grant, the extractionist, Miss Blade's recommendation, a strong fellow with white moustache and a post on the Executive Council of the American Dental Association, just back from a downtown committee meeting to have a go at your trouble. A lovely May day, the creamy air swimming over the IC tracks, enough to make you forget the pain, until Dr. Grant, eyes asweat under his speckled horn rims, leaned over your open mouth and blocked out the view. And then, the tugging, the hammering, the cracking, chiselling, wrestling, blood squirting into the cotton gagging your mouth, blood dripping past it down your throat, your heart pumping, your great brow streaming, your wet palm grabbed tight by the fierce little nurse, Miss Romeyne. Afterwards, on the couch, another blow, Dr. Grant sitting beside you, your long legs dripping feet over the edge, hand to your swelling jaw. "How does a hundred dollars sound, Miss Wilmott? Pretty fair? Including post-operant care, anæsthesia, the works. I know you're a teacher."

The pain lasted twelve days, unabated by Miss Blade's late revelation that she had been charged a hundred and twenty-five dollars. For this omission, Miss Blade would not get to know about Dr. Hobbie. Not that she'd appreciate him anyway. Miss Blade favoured all the weak sisters in the department, the students with the loudest line of gab and the worst minds who took so long with their dissertations that they completed them and their scholarly life simultaneously.

Miss Wilmott learned of Dr. Hobbie through her once-a-week cleaning woman, Mrs. Spiders, whom she passed in the lobby of the Bank as she was on her way to request it to honour Dr. Grant's hundred dollars, although her balance was zero until the first of June. Mrs. Spiders was on her way to Dr. Hobbie. "Yeah, Miss Wilma, mah Hobbie's a grand tooth man." Mrs. Spiders' syntax obscured identification, but she spoke of him now and then throughout the year, so that when Miss Wilmott's second tooth began cracking her head open the night after Epiphany, the vision of the great dental surgeon soothed it till morning, when she phoned him up and got a noon appointment. Dr. Hobbie was seldom too busy to squeeze

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in a sufferer. Half his business was "street business" anyway, delivery boys feeling pain between the first and fifth floors, taxi-drivers from the Yellow Cab Stand, sales people from the local stores, even receptionists from other dentists' offices in the building. A good sign. Not that Miss Wilmott needed confirmatory signs.

Except for that first day. An initial visit to Dr. Hobbie was disconcerting, especially if your appointment came on Wednesdays. Every Tuesday, he danced at the Tall Girl's Club till three a.m., and Wednesday was one long yawn for him. An unrepressed yawn, for Dr. Hobbie repressed no habit that any normal dentist would. No dentist with a smart practice walked around with his smock so loosely tied that a skinny, peppermint-coloured back exposed itself to his patients' gaping faces. No normal dentist worked in a shelveless closet which barely enabled his movements, and certainly no nurse's. As for answering the phone, tucking it between shoulder and jaw while continuing to drill, or taking long looks at Educational Channel Spanish lessons while working in a silver filling, these were procedures which—Miss Wilmott imagined—might lead to dismissal from the A.D.A. Yes, there was almost no limit to the external defects of Dr. Hobbie's practice.

BUT HOBBIE was a dental genius. In thirty years of agonised dental visits, Miss Wilmott had never known such not-only-painless, but even pleasurable sensations. Dr. Hobbie's office did not face the strawberry-coloured lake air but the west wall of the Bank Building; there were no couches, no magazines, in fact nothing at all in the scarcely redeemed cave of a waiting-room but a kitchen chair and a coat-rack. But you almost never had to wait, and when you were in the chair, there was almost no pain. The fees were ludicrously small, even for her, a low-grade instructor in the History Department. Ten dollars for her impacted wisdom tooth, and for that there were sound-wave drills, the best Swedish steel, a lecture on her lower jaw, Mantovani playing Cole Porter on the hi-fi, and the sweetest of all analgesics, Dr. Hobbie's account of his personal troubles.

These came out of him as naturally as his pale, thin back out of the white smock. They were not unlike Miss Wilmott's own troubles, at least his implicit ones. They had to do with Suzanne, his tall, expert-dancer of a wife, who'd left him last June to live with the Bank Building florist, Mr. Consolo, but who still somehow or other extracted money from him, though they had no child to support. Which led to another trouble: here he was, forty-two years old, the only fellow he knew who had no children, as well as the only one who had to spend half his time looking for girls with whom to dance the samba and the twist, though he had a perfectly good dancing wife of his own. The implicit troubles were, she knew, those for which she had female equivalents.

It was her early insight into their equivalence that made her think that Dr. Hobbie could help her with more than her teeth. He wasn't the world's most attractive man, God knew, not even the most attractive she'd known, which said a great deal; for her timid six feet, popped eyes and no-nose face —she'd overheard someone say she looked as if she'd been blotted—were no powerful magnet for men.

In her entire life, there were very few times she'd gone out with half-decent men. She'd come to think that perhaps it didn't matter, that she could make it without a man. If only people would stop pressuring her. Thousands of small pressures: sales-girls calling her Mrs. when she bought her father's birthday shirts; people being introduced to her at parties; being the extra girl and getting tied-up with the miserable extra man, more miserable when he saw her; the hundreds and hundreds of self-pitying hours in her two rooms, Jack Paar jabbering maniacally on the twelve-inch screen while she shared him with *Middlemarch*, its pages stained with the peanut butter she sometimes supposed was more faithful to her than any person on earth.

She had yens, God knows, though not as many as two-bit Freudians would think.

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She'd even had a little experience, a summer at Truro where her six feet and impressive learning had substituted for a movie star's chest and model's face. There'd even been a marriage proposal, from a Wyoming historian at the American Historical meetings in Fifty-Eight. It turned out that he wanted introductions to the scholarly Big Chiefs at Chicago. At least, though, it was on the books, her chance at the middle-class nirvana.

AS HOBBIE'S big-beaked, sandy face, a good-hearted parrot's, leaned over her open mouth, even that first day, Miss Wilmott felt a kind of root tremble in her heart. A sweet man, a poor troubled fellow. Not a cretin either, though naïve and uncultured. In dentistry, he was actually a scholar, full of the history of instruments, surgical procedures, technical advances. He spent weekends reading the journals, and while Dr. Grant was in A.D.A. executive sessions, he listened to papers. He was so enamoured of his profession that she began to pick up toothy tidbits for him, things she'd come upon in her ubiquitous browsing in the stacks.

"Ever read ahhh Poe's 'Ber-ahhh-niece'?"

"Nope. Spit out, Miss Wilmott."

Then, after rinsing with the sweet, violet water, "It's about a man so insanely fond of teeth that he breaks open his former fiancée's grave ahhh, pulls out all her teeth ahhh and keeps them in a box."

"Oh, my Lord," eyes furry with astonishment. "And I thought I liked teeth. Little wider there, Miss Double-U."

Miss Wilmott read the *Britannica* on Teeth and Dentistry, soaked up tooth lore, began to think in tooth metaphors, and felt the root tremble in her heart whenever Dr. Hobbie leaned over to pass a steel shaft beneath her strong, white crowns. "There's a tribe called the Ndembu in Rhodesia which has a tooth ceremony called the Ihamba, ahhh. They pull out the premolar incisor and their troubles are supposed to come out with it. Then they have a tooth dance."

"That's really something. Not much longer now. Good girl. Where do you find such things out?"

She puffed her cheeks with the violet water and spat as daintily as possible into the bowl's soft whirlpool. "Periodicals."

"Periodicals?"

"Magazines. That was in the ahhh *Rhodes-Livingstone Journal* last month." Into her mouth and out, a silvery tool. "Dahhhh."

"Just a little bit more now. There we are, almost out. I envy you book people. Myself, I can't . . . here we are," holding up an enamel needle bloodied with nerved dentine. "That's the old trouble-maker. I think you're going to be all right for a while now."

"I might as well get everything cleaned up, Dr. Hobbie. As long as I'm making real progress. I'd miss my visit anyway."

With the hand that held the silver forceps in which her trouble-maker lay, he brushed the soft tip of his beak back and forth, as if to sniff out a proper response. "Might work a little on that back bite then if you really want to go ahead and spend the money. It'll run you thirteen, fourteen dollars." He opened the child's notebook in which he entered all appointments and payments. "That'll be three-fifty to-day, and we'll set you down for next Thursday. Four-fifteen, o.k., right after Mr. Givens. He's my other book patient."

THURSDAY, she came a few minutes early and sat on the kitchen chair listening to Dr. Hobbie tell Mr. Givens that he had this fine teacher from the University coming right in, he wanted Mr. Givens to meet her.

At 4.14 the door opened, you never had to wait, and a short, good-looking Negro of forty, dressed in house painter's stained overalls, was introduced to her by Dr. Hobbie and said he was very glad to meet her, was she a Marxist like the other teachers up there at the University, and to her "I'm afraid not," said he was disappointed, he having been a Marxist for twenty years, the Manifester and the Working Day being his favourite books of all time.

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Dr. Hobbie's other book patient. After this, most of her appointments coincided with Mr. Givens'. She wondered if Dr. Hobbie also brought his sales people together. At any rate, she exchanged a few words each time with him while a beaming Hobbie stood by. Once she recommended Herzen's *Memoirs* to him and another time she told him that she'd just re-read the Manifesto and not only the "Working Day," but the whole first book of *Capital*. At this, Mr. Givens struck a great hand to his fine brow. "You mean to say there's a whole book of that, and I don't know it? Give me the name there, Miss Wilmer. I'm ashamed of myself. I'll go git it to-day if I got to go to every bookstore in Chicago." Miss Wilmott gave him the name, told him it was readily available, and recommended the Everyman Library Edition, one sixty-five for each of the volumes. "God," said Mr. Givens, "they could charge three or four dollars for them, and I'd git them as quick as I'm going to now." He held out his hand, and she put her own great one into it. Dr. Hobbie said, "What'd I tell you, George?"

To-day Miss Wilmott's tidbit was that biologists regarded fish teeth as migrated scales. "I suppose our ancestors may have masticated on the skins," she said, as he placed her head back into the rest.

Dr. Hobbie said that that sure would make dentistry easy. Then a large shape darkened the office door, a grey fedora pulled nose-level on the head. " 'Night, son," it said.

" 'Night, Dad," said Dr. Hobbie.

Though she'd not seen Hobbie's father, a doctor from the floor above, she knew that the glass cabinet of unfinished bridges and tooth sets over by the television aerial was due to him, or rather to the dying patients whom he felt would be comforted by his son's diverting skill. They often died in the midst of their absorbed interest in refurbished mouths, and Miss Wilmott's Dr. Hobbie kept their work, as if, in some odd turn of the world, a mouth would appear just right for one of the unfinished bridges.

"That your father?"

"Yep. That's the old man. Been in this building since they put it up. He's a real good doctor if you need one." He was washing his hands, and she studied his reflection in the dark window. He took off his smock, and she saw his skinny, harmless back, white and pink, a rabbit scooting into a green shirt. "He helped me out with Suzanne last week. She hit a car. Two hundred bucks. I've got to pay her lawyer. That doesn't seem fair, does it? I mean Consolo is no poor man. They do well, even in winter. Three-fifty a dozen for irises." She put on her coat. "What do I owe you to-day?"

"I put my book away. I guess I can't charge you, or they'll be getting me up for not reporting income."

"I won't think of that," she said, and laid a five-dollar bill on top of his steriliser.

He took out his wallet and gave her two dollars. "I'll drive you home. It's another cold one."

"Lovely," said Miss Wilmott. She drove a fifty-two Pontiac which hadn't started for most of January and February.

Out on Fifty-Third Street, the wind was knifed for murder. People passed like thugs, scarves pulled over mouths, hats down like old Dr. Hobbie's to the nose. Ridges of steel ice humped the streets, and every third corner had its famished crocodile of open car hood whining for life.

"I'll offer him supper," thought Miss Wilmott, though there was nothing in the kitchen but two cans of roast beef hash, eggs, and a loaf of Pepperidge Farm Bread. Nor could she take the chance of asking him to let her shop. He'd not let himself be invited then. "I'd like to give you a little supper, Dr. Hobbie. If you're free, I mean."

"Gee."

"I don't get too many chances to cook for other people."

"That would be something, Miss Wilmott," but he was turning round, looking for something. "Darn," he said. "Guess what? I don't have the car to-day. It's in the garage. I am sorry, Miss Double-U, I'll put you in a cab. Let me take a raincheck on that supper, o.k.? It's real nice of you." And he opened a taxi door, put her in, spoke to the

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driver and said "So long." Turned out he'd paid the fare.

But Miss Wilmott had a bad night. The heat was low, her bed was cold. She got up, put on a sweater and the furry bathrobe her father'd sent her for her birthday. Feb. 2. Thirty-one. She turned on WFMT. Buzz. It was three o'clock. Dr. Hobbie'd be coming home from the Tall Girls. She sat back in the terrible green armchair she'd gotten at Carmen the Movers for eight dollars. A troglodyte. The only arms that ever held her. How long was it going to go on like this? She couldn't even get a man over for supper. For talk. For an exchange of troubles. The enamel crown was off, the pulp cavity cut away, and the tiny, mean, piranha nerves of the dentine sang out in the iron cold of February. To-day's *Sun-Times remarked* that a marine had pole-vaulted sixteen feet, twenty years to the day after another man had pole-vaulted fifteen. A photographer, rapacious for a shot, had knocked down the bar and the record might not be official. Dr. Hobbie had said he'd come for supper, but the garage had his car. The grain of the world was wrong. What could she do? She was a Ph.D. in English history, a low-grade instructor at a high-grade university. If she wrote a few more articles and a good book, they'd give her six years as an Assistant Professor and then maybe tenure. She could get a tenure job right now at lots of women's colleges. Down south, where the streets didn't look like an illustration of the Inferno, where women were loved. But she wouldn't live down south again. She'd gone a year to W.C. in Greensboro, and she wouldn't live in a place where Mr. Givens would have to sit in the back of a bus and drink from a different water fountain. Maybe she'd go back east, nearer relatives, nearer the marrying girls of her class at Wheaton. But she'd left such dependence and such competition behind. She was a scholar. She knew her stuff. She loved to work, to find out what happened, to read two hundred-year-old periodicals, to trace in detail the rise of sentimentality, the alteration in the attitudes towards children, towards women, towards pain, towards dirt. But now, now. To-night. She could not read, not listen to the radio, not steam a kettle. She stared at the arrested chaffinches in her stained rug border, the bricks and boards which held the books she'd dragged around for years with her, east, west, south, her swelling paunch. It was a terrible night. Only self-consciousness kept her going. She brooded on until the room turned fuzzy with fatigue and then she went off to sleep in the troglodyte's arms.

MISS WILMOTT did not see Dr. Hobbie again until spring. She was writing an article on the use of opium in England during the first two decades of the 19th century, and it took up every minute of the time that she did not give her classes, committee meetings, papers, meals, and pillow. Week-ends, nights, vacation days found her in Harper Library or downtown at the Newberry reading account books, newspapers, doctors' diaries, the works of Coleridge, De Quincy, Branwell Brontë and other well-known users of the drug. Her fingers bore dots of yellow where the dust of the old accounts bit into the curious, living flesh; her addiction marks. When she got to the use of opium by dental surgeons, she was brought up short.

It was May, a year from her terrible encounter with Dr. Grant. Walking home from the bus stop one evening, facing the strawberry light off the lake, she felt the root atremble in her heart. *"Your liking and your lust is fresh whyle May dooth last,/When May is gone, of all the yeare the plesaunt time is past."* Carpe diem, Miss Wilmott. Old time is swiftly flying. "Oh dear," she said, taking her long, slow strides into the fading light. "It isn't simple."

But the next morning, she telephoned Dr. Hobbie and asked if she could come in to have her teeth examined. No, there was nothing special wrong except that her jaw ached when she ate ice-cream, and her bite was a little unsteady. Dr. Hobbie told her to come in on Tuesday.

Monday night, he telephoned, and said he

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was awfully sorry, he couldn't see her tomorrow. "The old man kicked the bucket to-day. This afternoon. I'll be real busy tomorrow. How about Friday?"

"Of course," she said, "and I'm awfully sorry about him."

"Three-thirty, right in his office." For a moment, she thought it was her appointment time, and that he was moving into his father's office. "Had his stethoscope on a patient and kicked the bucket right there, listening. Seventy-eight years old."

Miss Wilmott could not think of opium that May night. There was a burr stuck in the evening: Dr. Hobbie's mortal phrase, "Kicked the bucket." It was not worthy. Off-handedness had limits. Distaste helped blunt her disappointment at the postponement. By Thursday, however, she could hardly wait to see him.

It was ten-thirty. She must have been his first patient, for she had to wait outside the locked door. When he arrived, he said, "Don't have to work so hard now. The old man left me eighty-four thousand bucks. Never thought he was within fifty of it. Suzanne would hit the deck if she knew how much she lost out on. I'm going to New York, take in some shows and restaurants before she gets the word and tries to get her hands on it. I don't think she's given up on me. Every so often, she gets soused up and calls me on the phone, gives me a good chewing-out. You don't do that if you've given up on somebody. Maybe you can give me a list, Miss Wilmott." A list of what—girls? "I don't know the restaurant situation too well there."

Ah. She said she knew very little about New York.

Dr. Hobbie's hands at her mouth were sure as ever, but Miss Wilmott did not feel comfortable. He talked a blue streak. "People been calling me day and night asking about the old man. They can't figure out why his phone doesn't answer. Think they'd read the papers. That's a nasty one you have back there." He touched her with a silver prong. "I'm on the run every minute. Have to shut off his phone, sub-let his office, the apartment. Papers, you have no idea, writing relatives, the funeral. Dying is harder on the relatives than the dead man. I'll bet getting born is easier. Not that I know much about that. You ever had a child, Miss Wilmott?" He'd run on too fast, and blushed. Miss Wilmott's file turned up a sentence, "A blush is a primitive erection." Her own face chugged with capillary action. "Of course not," he was saying. "Excuse me. I was just shooting off. The old man's kind of thrown me. Never had a bad word for me since I was a little tyke. Helped me through school, helped me furnish the office, helped with Suzanne." Had his old man given him the kitchen chair, the TV set, the glass case?

Miss Wilmott nearly invited him to dinner on the spot. But held back. This time she'd prepare. There'd be another appointment in a week. She'd invite him then.

TWO DAYS before the appointment she went down to Halstead Street and bought a fine roast, a Greek cheese and olives, baklava, and a beautiful egg plant which she would transform into a marvellous Milanese dish she'd read about in an 18th-century cook book. It took two days to make, and Miss Wilmott turned to it from her opium with the energetic passion she knew great cooks must have.

So there she was, the day of her appointment, ready to show her stuff. But, oh, how foolish was Miss Wilmott. The most untutored person would not prepare so elegantly for an empty chair. If she'd telephoned even one day early, Dr. Hobbie might have cancelled his plane tickets to New York; for that's where he was going, one hour and ten minutes after finishing up her mouth.

Her disappointment was immeasurable. Back she walked along Fifty-Third Street, hardly looking at the colours which the sun stirred up in the chubby western clouds, hardly aware of the birds singing good-night to her from the cottonwood as she pushed her legs past each other down Harper, Blackstone, Dorchester, Kenwood, and then up Kimbark towards her apartment.

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Nor did she see Mr. Givens, the housepainter, till he was practically at her feet. "Hey there, Miss Wilmer. How ya doing this fine evening?" He'd taken off his cap, was in coveralls, and carried a paper bag. Miss Wilmott's heart, which had jumped with fear, calmed in recognition. And then in a brilliant flash, she remembered the beautiful dinner waiting twenty feet up from where they stood. The rest was simple. "Mr. Givens, I couldn't be more happy to see anyone. Guess what just happened to me," and she told him about someone being called away from the dinner she'd cooked, an emergency. Could he help her out and share it?

"Why, Miss Wilmer, that's really something. I'm just going on up to the Blackstone Library with a couple of hamburgers and a jelly doughnut. I'm reading that Memoir book you told me about. Best thing I ever looked at. I'd like to come up, it's real nice of you. I'll read at it to-morrow night."

So Mr. Givens came and sat down at the table she'd set the night before between her green troglodyte and the TV set with her complete supply of Wedgwood picked up in the corners of State Street pawn shops and Maxwell Street stands. It was a wonderful dinner, praised by Mr. Givens as the last word in a lifetime of good eating.

He was not bad company, either. He had strong opinions about everything. There were the rich, who always argued about bills, never paid you what they'd agreed to, always trying to cut your throat; there were the sports-crazy people of Chicago, blowing off the air-raid sirens when the ball team won the darn pennant; there were the "jawbreakers" (whom she didn't identify with John Birchers till he lumped them with the Boond and the Ku-Kluxers) out to loot everybody by scaring them out of their brains, not that there were too many around to be scared out of; there were these Careoaches and Milers, beat-writers who were full of more hot air about coloured people than Talmadge and Bilbo; there was De Goal sitting up in a French cloud while everybody in Paris killed themselves with these plastic bombs; there was the Russians, more boojwa than the capitalists, never thinking beyond their own bellies, not that he should be thinking about anything else after such a wonderful meal, for which, Miss Wilmott, I never will git to thank you enough.

With which he was up, a handsome man with a fine moustache, grey at the temples, a high forehead, a very distinguished-looking and intelligent self-educated man, probably unmarried, though she didn't know and wouldn't dream of asking, and if the world wasn't the way it was, and if he could possibly get interested in her, who knows if despite everything that separated them, she would not enjoy cooking for him and taking his praise and affection every single remaining evening of her life. If she could take anyone that much, there being, after all, much to be said for freedom, one's own time, doing one's own work at one's own speed, so goodnight, Mr. Givens, it's been a real pleasure, mutual, yes, some time again, and I certainly would like to go out with you, no absolutely, I'm not in the least offended by the offer, I'm proud you asked me.

THE NEXT WEEK Miss Wilmott began writing her article. It flew. Never had she written so fast, so well. In one week, she laid out a thirty-nine page first draft, and she knew that there wouldn't be more than a handful of changes. Still, she distrusted compositional euphoria, remembered Horatian maxims, and laid the article aside for a few days before turning to the final draft.

Fatal delay.

The evening Dr. Hobbie was due back from New York, she sat in the troglodyte's arms, fingering her reference cards, thinking about plunging ahead. On the very first card, the terrible equation, "Picul = 133½ lbs.," swooped towards her eyes. "Oh no," she said out loud. "No, no, no." But there it was. Her calculations about imports had been pegged at a hundred and sixty-six and a half pounds to the picul. She'd misread her skewered threes. An absurd error, yet an

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easily corrigible one. But, no, those thirty false pounds lodged in Miss Wilmott like splinters she was too fearful to dig out of her tender article. Infection set in. Her beautiful account of opium consumption, rich in psychological insight, economic analysis, social theory, and literary allusion rose rankly to her nostrils, a festered lily.

That night her jaw throbbed in sympathetic misery. Her knowledge, her research, her opium, what were they now in the dark, stranded by her needs, errors, miscalculations, her muddled self-interest? In agony, Miss Wilmott reached for the phone and called Dr. Hobbie's home number. Four, five, six rings. The receiver was on its way down when she heard his "Hallo."

"Oh, Dr. Hobbie. Thank goodness. Forgive me for calling you. I wasn't even sure you were back. It's Miss Wilmott. I'm in awful pain."

It was right to call him, said Dr. Hobbie, he'd just gotten in, he was barely asleep. He'd meet her in twenty minutes at the office, no, better, he'd pick her up in fifteen minutes. Yawn. That too quick?

"I don't want you to have to do that. I'm just being nervous. It probably was knowing that you'd come back that made me tooth-conscious. If you were in New York, I probably wouldn't have noticed."

"We'll take a look anyway, Ethel. See you in a few minutes. Bye now." Click.

He'd called her Ethel. Bye now. Bye now. By now he was taking pyjamas off his long, pale body, slipping into underwear, pants, shirt.

She dressed in a flash, a blue cotton with her initials figured in the lapel, EAW, an unfinished word. Downstairs, she waited at the door, her nose blob flattened further against the glass, waiting. The first car brought her out to the stoop, but though it paused in mid-career, it was not Hobbie, and went on. Few neutral cars would stop for Miss Wilmott.

There was a bite to the air. Miss Wilmott was starting up the stairs for a sweater when Dr. Hobbie's open Dodge pulled up in front of the house. She ran down and climbed in beside him. Oh, how gay she felt. "It's wonderful of you to do this."

Behind his glasses beaked the soft face. "I'm kind of proud to get a night call. Doesn't happen more than twice a year. Makes me feel like the old man."

Suddenly Miss Wilmott was in a stew: there was not a splinter of pain left in her body. Nothing. Yet it had been genuine. Her whole head had gone out on strike with pain. There was no question of that. There may have been a psychic trigger, but the somatic twinges were genuine. Now there was absolutely nothing. Could it be that sitting beside this gentle fool, this *beau sabreur de la bouche*, was enough to soothe her uproarious gums?

At the Bank Building, all was dark. Dr. Hobbie's keys got them into the elevator and his office. He lit up his little workshop of analgesia, put a smock over his short-sleeved shirt, flipped a few switches, and before she'd summoned the strength to tell him how fine she felt, he'd sat her in the chair and stared into her mouth. "Whew. Good you called me. This must have been killing you. Can't remember a worse-looking abscess. We'll lance it and see what we can do."

Sir Percival. He was over her, touching, spearing, dabbing, in-and-out of her mouth, his beaky head swimming in a kind blue light. There was music—the hi-fi—'Is It True What They Say About Dixie?' Time flew. It was bitter dark, bitter cold, the iron February cold; she was lying down, face up, staring at the wicked ice smothering the earth. Above her head, the whacking, cracking blade opened up the ice. Hobbie's terrible lit face, a starving bird's, gleamed in the white air. His talons, fierce Swedish tools, reached for her mouth. "Berenice," he screamed, "Berenice." And out, out they came, one by one, her thirty glorious crowns, roots, rapt from her yielding jaws. Oh it was over. She lay back, vacant, depleted, fulfilled.

Dr. Hobbie leaned over, a bloody three-pronged crown caught in his silver forceps. "There's your trouble-maker. He won't bother you ever again. How do you feel, Ethel?"

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She nodded. Her face felt shot away by the novocaine. The nod was like shifting a boulder.

"We'll pick up a little pain-killer and chloroseptic for you, and I'll take you home."

She raised his good dentist's hand and patted it for thanks. For more than thanks.

In the car, she asked him if he'd seen some good shows.

"Not a one. Went dancing most of the time. Those places that sell you tickets. They're not bad. You get some fine dancers. And then last Saturday who showed up at the hotel but old Suzanne. I knew she'd smell out the old man's dough."

It was wickedly dark out. They were on Cottage Grove, a five-mile corridor of passive malfunction. The May night blew cold on Miss Wilmott's brow. Struggling through the rocky, cotton-lined resistance in her mouth, she said, "Well, well. And what did you do?"

What a question, Miss Wilmott! Where do you come off to ask such a question?

"She's not so bad, Ethel. You get used to a certain person, and then you take her faults with her better parts. Flags." Indeed there were, on stores. "Decoration Day."

"When May is gone, of all the year the pleasant time is past," said Miss Wilmott.

"I like June," said Dr Hobbie. "I was born in June. I graduated in June. I got married in June. Of course, Suzanne ran off to Consolo last June. Every month has its good and bad times."

They were outside the drugstore. He ran in, and she waited alone in the car, her head back on the seat, aching.

"I don't have my purse," she said when he came back.

"Forget it," he said, and put the package in her lap. "They give it to me cut-rate. I'll stick you next time."

Oh stick me now. Never, never. Her great head leaned against his shoulder and without warning, large tears bloomed and fell in her face. "Oh dear," she said.

Dr. Hobbie took his hands off the steering wheel and put them around her. "That's all right, Ethel. Just what you're supposed to do after an operation. You're going to be ok."

She was not going to be ok. The Ndembu's troubles left them when their teeth were pulled; not hers. The Ndembu danced to celebrate; Dr. Hobbie had not taught her the twist.

Alone in Cold Weather

The sway of cattails is a pencil scrawl
On the water, in winter, in late afternoon.
A blue wasp lifts his shins
To make a waist-scarf, slips,
Rises, totters like a grape;
Cold sand sucks the dregs of strength
From his hourglass figure. Across

The pond, garrisons of rock
Retreat; the cries of birds
Mesh and grade off into nothing. The turning
In of your eyes meets
This at a point.
The wasp spirals into pure cold and now
Stains the cloud-hills with dissolving blue.

Thomas Clark

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James Morris

Letter from Tangier

EVERYBODY said I ought to go to Dean's Bar in Tangier. Dean's was just the place for me, they said, and Mr. Dean just the man—been there donkey's years, knew everybody, told a good story well and pulled no squeamish punches. So often did I hear Mr Dean's name mentioned, and so vividly did I come to envisage him, that before long he acquired a kind of symbolism for me, and represented in my mind's eye all that was worldly, racy, and evanescent about the legend of Tangier—all that went with free trade, spies, melting-pots, and international havens. I saw Mr Dean as a twinkling and leathery North Countryman, a Geordie perhaps, with a blind eye for every rascal, an understanding wink for the unpaid bill, and the strong right arm of an experienced chucker-out; and in the smoky stained-oak recesses of his bar, I thought, hardly a stone's throw from the waterfront, all Tangier would be revealed to me.

I made my way to the place my very first evening in the city, but found it shuttered with an iron grille; and when I inquired at a neighbouring café (thirty-watt bulbs on oil-cloth table-cloths) a young Moroccan in jeans regarded me most sadly. Mr. Dean, he said, had died, and Dean's Bar was closed for good. "Two or three months ago," my informant said, and touching me lightly and kindly on the shoulder, he added as a comforting afterthought: "It was in the fast of Ramadhan."

SO I NEVER DID meet Mr. Dean, but I believe I was half-right about him. He was a figure of the old Tangier, and as he died during the great fast of Islam, so restraint and discipline have taken the life out of his city. The images that his name evoked for me were true images, the legend of his Tangier was not illusory, and in a score of bars like his, scarcely longer ago than yesterday, you could in fact taste the tang of one of the world's most extraordinary towns. The allure of Tangier was doubtless touched up by publicity, its vices made more universal, its smugglers more sinister and its quayside alleys darker: even so, the visitor to Tangier to-day, standing bewildered before the grille of Dean's Bar, really has just missed one of those compensations of travel, a historical prodigy.

Tangier is a Moroccan seaport, just outside the Pillars of Hercules, with her harbour looking towards the Mediterranean and her country rump reclining upon the Atlantic shore. In many ways she honours a well-known norm—the pattern of many another seaport nurtured by Europe and Islam on an African soil. Her origins are respectably mythical—founded by Neptune's son Anteus, named for his wife, Tingera, who ran away with Hercules. Her rulers have been conventionally kaleidoscopic, and have included the Phoenicians, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Vandals, the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the Arabs, and even the British (who acquired the place as part of Catherine of Braganza's dowry). Within her old walled city, to this day, you may discover all the standard appurtenances of picturesque Islam—the jingling brass-bound water-sellers, the veiled ladies and bearded sages, the country women in bobbled straw hats, the men carrying woolly sheep in their arms, the donkeys, the incense, the half-tone cadence of the calls to prayer, the spiced cluttered lanes and the market-men cross-legged in their booths. It was Tangier, they say, that inspired Rimsky-Korsakov to write *Scheherezade*, and it is in Tangier to-day that one enterprising tourist agency offers its clients "Tribal Meals and Folklore for Groups."

IT IS NOT COUS-COUS and the camel-saddles, however, that give Tangier her particular interest. Towards the end of the 19th

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century this city became something different from Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, and her other peers of the North African shore. This was the period when the States of modern Europe were evolving their designs upon Morocco, and Tangier, as the principal port of the region, was their natural base. They had already extracted various concessions from the Sultan of Morocco, including the privilege of running their own postal services in the city, and presently they asked for more. Their Ambassadors, weary of pursuing the peripatetic Sultan from camp-site to camp-site through his roadless domain, arranged to establish permanent offices in Tangier, and thus at a stroke made of it a bridgehead or enclave in a shuttered, little-known and fiercely Muslim territory. Merchants inevitably followed, and shipping agents, and adventurers, and miscellaneous romantics, and before long Tangier had acquired what diplomats have always loved to call "a special status." The recurrent North African crises of the early 1900s, culminating in Agadir, only added to the importance of the city —the Kaiser Wilhelm himself once sailed into its bay, preposterously dressed in eagle-helmet and spurs—and in 1906 the Algeçiras Conference on Morocco, which was attended by three emperors, a queen, six kings, two Heads of State and a Sultan, specifically recognized the separateness of Tangier. When the French and the Spaniards split the Sherifian Kingdom of Morocco into their respective protectorates, they recognised it too, and after the first world war the Powers-that-Were finally launched Tangier upon her brief but notorious career as an International Free Port. It was known to every schoolboy of the thirties by its over-printed British stamps, and its neutral status was guaranteed in the end by France, Spain, Britain, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, Sweden, Italy, the United States and the Soviet Union (Germany was explicitly barred; the United States stayed aloof until after World War II, preferring to maintain various private privileges of her own; the Russians were admitted to the club in 1945, but never took the slightest notice anyway).

THE ODD ZONE thus established included Tangier herself and a delectable little slab of country round about, forming a triangle of green hill, white city and golden sand. In theory the Zone still owed allegiance to the Sultan of Morocco, in whose name laws were promulgated, but since he himself was in those days only a puppet of the French, his firman carried little weight among the lordly Powers. The régime that actually ran the place was perhaps the most complex form of Government ever devised, and in a way the most Utopian—the nearest to a practical World Government, and comparable only to the arrangements devised for the old Shanghai. The idea was that this special kind of city, this open door or backward glance, should be governed in consort by the guarantor States, their respective Consuls forming a kind of upper House, their respective citizens electing a lower House, and an eminent representative of one or another nation serving as chief administrator. The Sultan of Morocco was represented on the Consular level by an official called the Mendoub, the Moroccan citizens sent their representatives to the legislature like everyone else, but the law courts of this old Moroccan metropolis, the post offices and the civil services, the port and the fire brigade—all were to be run internationally. It was a brave experiment. The subscribing powers were a distinctly mixed lot—by 1939 most of them were at war with one another—but on the whole the system worked, and for twenty brief years Tangier was one of the freest, most tolerant and most self-sufficient of political entities.

Almost anything went there. The crime rate was never especially high, but the morality laws were easy-going, and the financial restrictions were practically non-existent. There were virtually no taxes—the place was financed by a fixed import duty, applicable to almost everything, of 12½%. Tangier was the most effervescent of the free ports, an international money exchange of immense energy, and an inevitable magnet for every kind of speculator, gun-runner, drug peddler, torpedo-boat smuggler and fly-by-night financier. Literally thousands of foreign companies settled in the city, if only in a registration book and a tax return, and their polished brass name-plates enlivened the city's doorways and enriched innumerable spry agents. Tangier became a kind of perpetual boom town, one of the great *entrepôt* centres of the world, which lived by receiving things, people, money, and inside information, and passing them on at a profit.

THE INTERNATIONAL ZONE was bounded by Spanish Morocco, and compared with that moribund and despotic protectorate seemed a very marvel of life and variety. Expatriates of every nationality thronged the streets of Tangier. Ships of every nation used her efficient port. The war, which half-ruined

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nearly everyone else, only enriched the Tangerines: for though the Spaniards marched into the city, unconvincingly proclaiming its annexation in the interests of neutrality, nevertheless they left its financial institutions alone, and it thrived as a last refuge of economic liberalism, and the handiest of all marts of espionage. After the war, too, Tangier profited from other places' hardships: the Spaniards were ignominiously dismissed by the United Nations, weakly protesting that they had only forestalled an Axis attack, and Tangier then made the most of Europe's economic malaise, with all its attendant restrictions upon the free movement of money. This was the great escape route, for frustrated financiers and opportunist profiteers. By 1953, 67 banks were operating in the Zone. Some 60,000 Europeans were living there, and 25,000 Jews (who were represented in the Legislature long before the State of Israel existed). Five big transmitters made it a fulcrum of world communications. Every sort of rascal frequented the place, from the pimp to the fugitive forger, but nevertheless the international régime, taking over from the Spaniards again, worked with remarkable smoothness, and dreamers sometimes saw the city as the nucleus or progenitor of wider ideals—the seat of a Universal University, perhaps, the forum of Euro-Africa, or even the symbolic junction of East and West.

This was Mr. Dean's Tangier. In thirty years a whole new city had grown up outside the mediaeval walls of the Medina—Francophile in style, flavour and cuisine, violently cosmopolitan in origin. Clubs, bars, hotels, cabarets and brothels proliferated. Money-changers by the hundred haunted the pavement cafés. Russians, Chinese, Bulgarians, and Peruvians ran restaurants. Eminent Jews collected rare sandalwoods or early Islamic bindings. Retired British admirals bought houses in the country. In the shops, attended by Indians, Spaniards, or even Irishmen, you could buy the products of all the nations at the cheapest of all possible prices. At the bookstalls you could pick up *La Dépêche Marocaine*, in French, or the *Tangier Gazette*, in English, or *El Moghreb*, in Arabic, or *Kol Israel*, which was the Jewish organ, or *España*, which was notoriously subsidised by the Falange and had spent the war being beastly to the British. In the Legislative Assembly, in 1953, you could see France represented by Le Colonel Truchet, Italy by Conte Orazio M. Brendan, Britain by Lord Rhidian Crichton Stuart and America, most stylish of all, by Mr. Doolittle. Here and there across the city the trim red post-boxes of the British Post Office proclaimed the existence of the Consular régime, but by and large authority did not much intrude, and life crackled on with a nice rustle of banknotes and thump of cabaret drums. Tangier, I am assured, was not quite what the sensationalists used to report—not quite so blatant, not quite so exotic, not so dangerous by a half. It was, however, something unique in the world: often sleazy, often disreputable, but a political experiment of imagination, and great fun at that.

IT HAS CLOSED, like Dean's Bar. The grille is down, and only a fading announcement of opening hours is left to whet our disappointed appetites. The international régime came to an end in 1956, when Morocco became independent, and three years later the Moroccans decided to abolish the free port too, and thus integrate the city entirely into the fabric of the kingdom. This decision, though perfectly understandable in the context of the times, is now generally agreed to have been a mistake, and there is to Tangier to-day an unmistakable air of melancholy. Like Trieste, Singapore, or Goa, she feels a city that has lost its purpose, and day by day, hour by hour, empty café by echoing hotel, you may feel her subsiding into provincial ordinariness and tourism. Tangier to-day is only the fifth town of Morocco, wanly proclaimed to be the summer capital of the country, but really overshadowed by the dignities of Rabat and the commercial bounce of Casablanca.

She still looks marvellously beguiling, to be sure, when you sail into her green-and-golden bay, with the gentle hills above her rooftops and the coast of Spain a shimmer behind your back. The old city falls in a sheer tumble from the fortress walls of the Kasbah. all crooked roofs, minarets and whitewash. The rectangular slabs of the new city stand proud above the bay, brave with awnings and green with boulevards. The Gibraltar ferry lies at the wharf, perhaps, or a French frigate over from Toulon, or perhaps a solitary white yacht is cruising past the palm trees, or a cruising liner, gaudy with flags, is disgorging its bangled passengers for an evening of Tribal Meals and Folklore. The climate of Tangier is, I need hardly say, not what it used to be, but the Tangier sky is still more often blue than most, and the lively Atlantic breezes still bring a welcome sting to this tropical city of Africa.

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Nor is it all nationalistic uniformity, even now, within the society of this legendary place. Pluck a few names at random from the telephone book, and you will see that the special status has not quite worn off: the first person listed is Ana Ab Yberg, the last is Mohammed Zumati, and in between you may encounter characters as nobly various as Sir Terence Creagh Coen, Mohammed B. Abdekader Ouzzani, Miguel Sanchez-Capuchino Perlado or Suzanne H. Van Loot. The streets of Tangier still include a Rue Charles Dickens, a Rue Gandhi, a Rue Pepys, and Calles Oxford and Cambridge. The tomb of Colonel Rideout, Indian Army, is still neatly tended in the English cemetery, and so is the memorial tablet to Emily Keene, the only English Sherifa of Wizan, in whose favour the Sherif cheerfully divorced both the previous incumbents. You may still occasionally be told, by English ladies of traditional instincts, that it not quite the thing to call Tangier *Tangiers*. At any official reception, with the Moroccan band playing a merry but inexplicable melody in the gallery, you may still bump into a fine range of assorted bigwigs: any of the 16 Consuls still resident in Tangier, say, or the local chief of the Voice of America, whose offices are in the Chemin des Amoreux, or even Mr. Abensur, whose Jewish family bank reputedly financed Nelson's provisioning before Trafalgar, and whose great-grandfather was made a British citizen by Act of Parliament—the Abensur Act—in 1896. There is still a club called the Diplomatic Country Club, and a slab of woodland called the Diplomatic Forest. The British Post Office, though long handed over to the Moroccan functionaries, still breathes an authentic marble-and-Ministry ambiance, even down to the bronze waste-paper bins. There are still one or two firms with names like Cosmopolitan Transit, and you may still be struck by an absence of hectoring policemen and a prevalence of beatniks, pansies, and grubby riff-raff—there are not many cities, after all, where an exceedingly respectable English writer, 36 years old and Father of Three, may be accosted with improper suggestions by scented strange men in public thoroughfares.

If you have come from Spain you may still enjoy this laxity of manners. If you have come from Gibraltar, you may still sigh with relief to escape the prohibitions and pomposities of that gallant but tiresome fortress. Tangier still greets her visitors with a sly, smooth, insinuating courtesy, half Moorish, half Levantine, and even the touts of the city accept your rebuffs with humorous good grace (only occasionally reinforced by some rather dated scurrilities—"All right, —— off, you sonofabitch English!") You can hardly help liking Tangier, even now. She has an air to her.

But alas, her greeting is only habit, established over several decades of money-making, and lingering to-day like the last gleams of a sunset, or that final faint pinpoint of light that takes such ages to disappear when you switch off the television. Tangier to-day is a dissatisfied, even a petulant city. Almost nobody is pleased with what has happened to her. Almost everybody, whether grand in a padded office or raggety at a shoe-shine stand, pines volubly for the old days. Half the Europeans have gone, nearly all the Moroccans are poorer, if not actually unemployed. Tangier was developed as a place of transit. Her prosperity depended upon her separateness, and she did not aspire to the achievements of an ordinary city: she has virtually no industries, and her principal indigenous export has always been raw goatskins. Now that she is only another Moroccan town, the disadvantages of these philosophies are apparent. Once, before internationalism fell upon her, she was the first port of Morocco: to-day her traffic is pathetically small, and her *entrepôt* trade has mostly gone to Gibraltar, like her smugglers—to-day there is actually smuggling *into* Tangier! Gone, all gone, are those shining company name-plates, those money-changers in raucous concert, the night clubs pulsating through the dawn and the long lines of ships in the harbour. Prices have soared to the normal Moroccan level, and the practised efficiency of the city has evaporated. The hotels are mostly half-empty. At least 47 of the banks have left—even Mr. Abensur has transferred his business to Geneva. When the night falls on Tangier, there is almost nothing to do but sleep, sin in private, or sigh over lost delights. In four years the unique vivacity of Tangier has been replaced by a kind of dim and grumbly torpor.

Of course there are many Europeans who blame the Moroccans for all this, with a bluster or a reproach. ("Politics, politics, that's all it is, and jobs for the boys—why, in the old days our whole attitude used to be, *'What can we do for these poor Moors?'*") Many others, though, are more understanding, recognise the natural inclination of a new nation to tidy things up and iron out anomalies, and concede

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that the Moroccan Government acted with scrupulous fairness throughout. Even the King himself, though, they tell me, now agrees that the decision was an error. Of course the peculiar political condition of Tangier was bound to end—it was incompatible with the pride of a sovereign Morocco—but there is no very good reason why Tangier should not have existed as a free port within the Moroccan State: she always paid her way, she added to the curiosity of the nations, and her continuance (slightly toned down, perhaps) might well have contributed not only to the coffers, but also to the reputation of Morocco. It was a golden goose they strangled, and she might still be laying eggs.

CAN SHE BE REVIVED? Some people think so. With her lovely beaches, her fine climate and her lingering allure of melodrama, she can still be a great holiday resort. She may well attract many of those determined expatriates for whom the ghastly south coast of Spain is at last beginning to go sour. The Moroccans may in fact make her a free port again, and thus recapture some trade from Gibraltar: financiers are a naïve lot, and it does not take long to restore their confidence—just as it takes only a glimmering of adversity, the faintest whisper of a depression or a distant *coup d'état*, to send them despondent to their rural hideouts. There are some hopefuls who really do expect to see that lost Tangier again, hear the tread of its smugglers' launches in the half-light, and deposit their stocks in the inviolable secrecy of its banks.

I am not among them. It does not ring true to me. The "Fall of Tangier," as the moneymen like to call it, was an event organic to the processes of history, part of the great withdrawal of Europe from Africa, and the division of the Mediterranean once again into Christian and Muslim shores (a division principally violated to-day by the Spanish and French garrisons still in the Moghreb and the spanking company of soldiers sent across from Gibraltar, month by month, to protect the person of the King of Libya). Tangier feels to me only the ghost of a prodigy, and I strongly suspect that Mr. Dean, closing his saloon door once and for all, left at the right time.

I was not *altogether* right about him, by the way. I am told he was a Negro born in Weston-super-Mare, and Cecil Beaton, Beverley Nichols and Lady Diana Cooper were all among his regulars. Long may he mix his celestial Martinis, in that other Free Port far away!

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Once Again: Calvinism and Capitalism

By Herbert Luethy

MAX WEBER'S famous thesis, *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, appeared in 1904, and has remained the crowning glory of the historical and philosophical school of German sociology. The controversy provoked by this thesis has died down from time to time, but only to be rekindled again and again as new theses and supplementary subtleties are added to enrich the polemic. Throughout the last fifty years, most of the great scholars of the age have added either a comment or a book: Sombart, Troeltsch, and Brentano in Germany, Tawney and Robertson in England, Hauser and Sée in France, Amintore Fanfani (recently Prime Minister of his country) in Italy, Talcott Parsons in America, and Kurt Samuelsson in Sweden. The commemoration of the 450th anniversary of Calvin's birth has brought a new series of studies, and outstanding among them is a book by a Genevan theologian and national economist. This book* confronts the various theses of this debate with the original texts of Calvin's massive teachings. Few historical arguments have produced a greater wealth of intellectually fertile, subtle, and often deeply disturbing *aperçus*, and raised deeper passions hidden under the calm surface of scholarship. Few arguments have born a richer crop of basic misunderstandings; few a more meagre harvest of definite, tenable, unambiguous results (I mean results of which we can not only say: there's something in it, but: that's the way it is). The whole subject is lit by the flickering light of the illuminating, frequently obvious, but equivocal relationship between categories of concepts that are remote from one another and, furthermore, are themselves essentially vague: the *ethic* of a religious belief and the *spirit* of an economic system, the cure of souls and the balancing of accounts. The establishment of relationships between remote concepts is among the favourite games of the human mind, and perhaps one of its most fruitful, for it reveals surprising links and opens new perspectives—but also one of the most dangerous and seductively misleading ones.

In a short paper it is not possible to refer individually even to the most important matters in dispute which the polemic has aroused, not even in the broadest outlines: the result would be a pure chaos of ideas. Here, as elsewhere, the trouble begins with the terminology: what the problem is actually about is subject, on both sides of the equation, to misunderstanding and confusion. The explosive power of Weber's thesis derived from the correlation of two concepts, Protestantism and Capitalism. Yet when Weber comes to develop the thesis, it appears that the "Protestantism" referred to in his title is almost exclusively limited to a single one of its many manifestations, Calvinism; and Calvinism itself is examined principally in certain key texts which are only characteristic of certain specific periods and particular forms of *Puritanism*, such as the *Westminster Confession* of 1654 (a religious Civil War manifesto), or the utilitarian moral tracts of that Man of the

* The fullest review, as I say, is to be found in André Biéler's *La Pensée économique et sociale de Calvin* (Geneva, 1959). The polemic was opened by Max Offenbacher, with his *Konfession und soziale Schichtung: Eine Studie über die wirtschaftliche Lage der Katholiken und Protestanten in Baden* (Tübingen, 1900). For an examination of the Puritan Revolution in England, see J. H. Hexter, *Storm over the Gentry* (published in ENCOUNTER, May, 1958, and commented on in the magazine's correspondence columns in subsequent issues); it has been reprinted in *Reappraisals in History*, published by Longmans. Invaluable is C. V. Wedgwood's *History of the Puritan Rebellion* in two volumes, of which the first appeared in 1955. As for "economics," "chrematistics," and the problem of usury, see the final pages of my own *Banque protestante en France* (Vol. II, Paris, 1961).

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Enlightenment, Benjamin Franklin (his advice "how to become rich") which reflect an entirely secular theory of virtue, but which can hardly be said to express a religious attitude. It is significant that fifty years elapsed after Weber's thesis before André Biéler set about examining the ensuing polemic in the light of what Calvin himself actually taught—and on this basis rejected most of what had been said on the subject. Perhaps even more deceptive and chameleon-like is the concept on the other side of the equation: Capitalism. In the century since Marx this word has been worked to death: it has been applied to every conceivable practice, epoch, and economic system; it has been degraded to a fashionable phrase and to a term of abuse, with the result that it is scarcely viable any more as an historical idea. There are as many definitions of capitalism as there have been economists and sociologists writing about it. The word as commonly used in European journalism is always available in order to express in an apparently concise term any passing feeling of uneasiness with existing society. That Weber spoke not of capitalism but of the *spirit* of capitalism—just as he wrote not about Protestantism as a theological doctrine but about the Protestant *ethic*—was a warning that has been invariably ignored. The word was there, malleable as putty, and the very next man to pick up Weber's thesis, namely Sombart, already made something entirely different of it.

FOR ONLY IN THE WHOLE CONTEXT of his monumental, labyrinthine, and tormented work does Max Weber's thesis achieve its complete and subtle meaning. His great and questioning mind was never particularly interested in the facts of history, nor even in social and economic systems, but rather in the detection of the ultimate impulses behind man's attitudes and behaviour. What he analysed were not the hybrid and wretched forms of an historically realised society (in which such ultimate impulses are never embodied in their purity), but rather the abstract and chemically pure "ideal types" which should provide the essences of a civilisation stripped of all the adulterations and accidents of actual history. His religio-sociological studies, and also his economic and social-historical works, whether he is writing the agrarian history of the Ancient World or dissecting the Indian caste structure, are in fact always concerned with the one problem posed by the historically unique nature of modern Western civilisation. And in this context the words "capitalism" or "spirit of capitalism" are used in a very particular sense: they mean no less than the entire inner structure governing Western society's attitudes, not only its economy but also its legal system, its political structure, its institutionalised sciences and technology, its mathematically-based music and architecture. Its economic modes of operation, works discipline, and accountancy methods are all regarded by him as the mere *pars per toto* of a whole civilisation-type for which Weber's final word is rationality (*Rationalität*)—a rationality which permeates all fields of social behaviour, the organisation of labour and management as well as the creative sciences, law and order, philosophy and the arts, the state and politics, and the dominant forms of private life. This rationality, driven by its own internal dynamic, has overthrown (or tamed) every form of resistance offered by pre-rational human nature, magic and tradition, instinct and spontaneity. Finally, with the Reformation, it has forced its way into the innermost temple wherein the motives behind human behaviour are generated, into the very heart of religious belief, there to destroy all the dark, magical, mysterious tabernacles—image, cult, and tradition—for which it substitutes the Bible as the authentic truth, supposedly unshakeable, accessible to critical examination, and susceptible of proof.

This is what the Reformation means for Weber and this is the knot with which he linked economic theory and religious doctrine. Weber rightly insists upon the historically well-nigh monstrous uniqueness of this civilisation, which cannot be explained in terms of its material bases alone. Those material and technical pre-conditions on which Europe started to build her civilisation after the late Middle Ages, existed equally or even more richly in other high cultures, in Hellenism, in ancient Rome, in India, China, and the Arab Caliphate; yet in no other case did they cause a similar leap from the merely static to the irresistibly dynamic. We know to-day how right Weber was to insist on the precedence of inner spiritual and cultural pre-conditions over all external and economic forms. He was right against almost all his contemporaries, liberals and Marxists alike, who accepted the availability of capital and of labour force as adequate pre-conditions for economic progress and thus believed that a Western-type civilisation could be transplanted or imposed virtually anywhere. And how right he was, too, to be tormented with worry about the future prospects of a fully and finally rationalised civilisation in which the impulses inherited from its pre-rational past should have died once and for all. The fact that he thought he could summarise the nature of this civilisation in the ambiguous term "capitalism" (the catchword for a purely materialistic dynamic) demonstrates the tension in his thought, a ten-

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sion close to breaking-point between highest admiration and utter rejection of the achievements of Western civilisation at the time of its greatest *hubris*.

A similar inner tension marks his attitude towards Protestantism. He respected what he called its ethical and moral "values"—an expression which itself reveals the problematic nature of his attitude—while regarding its religious roots as desiccated and doomed. Having first broken through the paganism of image, rite, cult, and tradition to find a sure source of nourishment in the Holy Scriptures, Protestant rationalism (he thought) must eventually hollow and empty these too. It is this inner ambivalence towards them both that enabled Weber to draw his connection between the Protestant ethic and the spirit of Capitalism and to create the paradox of his functional equation. It is both the greatness and the tragedy of Weber—a positivist and a sceptic, a universal spirit and an ardent German nationalist, who died in 1920 when his world lay in ruins—that he had attempted to pursue the insoluble contradictions both within his being and his age in all directions down to their deepest roots, without ever finding the answer. And it is the obverse of his greatness that his powerful and fragmentary life's work did not lay the foundations of "a science of society" but rather has become an inexhaustible mine for glittering esoteric formulas and slogans, many of which have been more misleading and harmful than the one here under discussion.

ALL THIS is only a preliminary remark to our subject, yet it has to be stated in order that the complex starting-point of the polemic becomes comprehensible: and it allows me to anticipate my conclusion. In the debate that Weber began no one else has employed the term "capitalism" as he did, *i.e.*, to denote a whole pattern of civilisation. The argument was immediately transferred to the lower plane of economic management, accumulation of capital, or even of the simple profit motive. And precisely because of this misunderstanding, the isolated essay on "Capitalism and Protestantism" (which is the one fragment of Weber's work known by hearsay at least to all educated persons) has produced its powerful and irritating effect. If Weber had not so wilfully substituted one single feature for the totality, if he had given his work a title that expressed his actual purpose in common language (such as *Protestantism and Modern Society* or *The Reformation and the Spirit of Western Civilisation*) he would, in a new form and tone, have only been stating what no one has ever questioned, and it would have caused no such excitement—that the Reformation marks a profound spiritual breach between the Middle Ages and the modern world, bringing a ferment into Western history which has changed its course irreversibly, far beyond the domain of the Protestant churches and communities, to imprint its mark upon the whole Western world; that without Calvin we could not imagine Cromwell, or Rousseau, or the Founding Fathers; that the modern industrial society, as well as creative science, the rule of law, constitutionalism, in brief the free society, first appeared (and have flourished best) in those countries which were moulded by Calvinism; and that an indissoluble internal bond links all these aspects of our Western society.

Had this provided the substance of the polemic, it could be terminated here and now without further ado. This development in its factual manifestations is the content of our history during these last four hundred years, and it provides an inexhaustible subject for research and speculation; but that it is so no one can doubt. And also that this was not the whole story: that the Reformation was not alone and in itself the turning-point, but merely one of its elements intimately linked with others of the age which *together* altered the whole spiritual and material picture of the world—humanism, the Copernican revolution, the mastery of the seas and the discovery of new continents, the sudden emergence of global powers and global trade, all the splendour and chaos, worldly triumph and metaphysical despair engendered in a world that would be henceforth boundless but that had lost all security and all familiarity. And we also know that all this was not a totally new start from the void. The closed world of the Middle Ages had been burst asunder by powerful forces created within that very world, forces that led from the Crusades to the Spanish-Portuguese *Conquista*, from the scholastic universities to humanism, from the mediæval schisms and heresies to the Reformation. In a certain sense, Martin Luther's revolt against the worldliness of Renaissance Rome was the revolt of a mediæval spirit against the modern world, and not the obverse.

HOWEVER THE KEY WORD, capitalism, had been inserted, and the debate became limited to this one aspect of the relationship between the teachings of the Reformation and economic behaviour, and this not as one among many interconnecting links supporting a civilisation's entire history but as a direct and causative relation between religious doctrine and economic practice. It was as though the essential thread had suddenly been discovered which

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would lead dialectically from the nailing of Luther's ninety-five theses on the Wittenberg church door to the assembly lines of Detroit and the ramifications of Standard Oil. It is hardly necessary to add that this entire debate took place beneath the long shadow of Karl Marx, whose challenge no historian and no social scientist of the past hundred years has been able to ignore. Weber's thesis stressing the decisive influence of the spiritual fundamentals upon economic behaviour, rather than *vice versa*, is itself only comprehensible in the context of his intensive debate with historical materialism. The whole ensuing polemic on the primacy of the spiritual or the economic motivations has an odd chicken-and-egg quality: did the Reformation produce the spirit of Capitalism, or did the spirit of Capitalism produce the Reformation? Only the second thesis, which makes Protestantism the "subjective superstructure," or "the ideology" of capitalism, accords with historical materialism —and in the hands of many a bourgeois historian, historical materialism has become far more vulgar than ever it was in Marx's own version. Thus did the Reformation acquire its place in a very categorical picture of the historical process, considered as "a history of class struggles." In all these versions of modern history, satisfactorily reconstructed on the great lines of the rise to power of the bourgeoisie and the decline of feudalism, the Reformation takes its place as "the first bourgeois revolution." By analysing the English Puritan Revolution of the 17th century as the second bourgeois revolution, Tawney skilfully constructed a bridge to the third and greatest, the French Revolution at the end of the 18th century.

So it is that the second catchword was inserted, a twin to the concept of capitalism, equally iridescent and equally ambiguous: "the bourgeoisie." And with it comes its opposite, the counter-concept of "Feudalism," and even more hopelessly worked to death, if that be possible. In an interpretation of history which reduces acting and thinking historical human beings to the simple function of conscious or unconscious instruments and exponents of class forces, the leaders of the Reformation become spokesmen for the aspiring bourgeoisie, the class that bred capitalism. So self-evident has this interpretation become to a whole generation of historians that we must start all over again if we are to rescue the history of the Reformation and of its endlessly complex effects from the preconceived schemata now deeply embedded in popular history and school textbooks.

For this interpretation, quite simply, is not true.

A Divided Mind

LET US RETURN once more to the starting-point of the whole polemic. At the back of Weber's thesis there is one established and supporting set of facts, and this set of facts, be it noted, dates not from the period of the Reformation but from the turn of the 20th century. Weber's starting-point was a statistical survey carried out in 1900 by the German sociologist, Max Offenbacher, into "the economic condition of Catholics and Protestants" in the religiously mixed (60 per cent Catholic) Grand Duchy of Baden. Offenbacher established that the Protestant citizens of the Grand Duchy owned a disproportionately large percentage of capital assets and occupied more than their share of leading positions, of educational qualifications, academic positions, and skilled labour jobs. This was the sort of research then being carried out in the very early days of German sociology. At about this time Offenbacher and others had established that the Jews played a disproportionately large role in the commercial and liberal professions. A few years earlier Max Weber himself had carried out research into the Polish "infiltration" (*Unterwanderung*) in the East Prussian territories; and the whole complexity of Weber's personality is evident in the fact that his anti-capitalist anger was first aroused by East Prussian agrarian capitalism which, he said, was de-Germanising the East German territories by recruiting cheap Polish labourers instead of more expensive Germans. These researches were carried out with true German thoroughness, propriety, and scholarliness; and yet, in retrospect, we cannot but feel uneasy about the spirit in which they were conducted, a spirit which finally brought disaster to Europe.

Be that as it may, here was the problem, and now the historian set about discovering the causes. Where was he more likely to find the reason for the economic success of Baden's Protestant minority than in the Protestant doctrine itself? Offenbacher's researches in the Grand Duchy of Baden were directed explicitly and exclusively at the economic status of the members of the two Churches; but they nevertheless established not merely a Protestant predominance in "capitalist activity" but a generally higher degree of ambition and achievement in all fields such as science, academic life, the professions, the civil service, as well as in business. Now this exclusive interest in the Protestants' economic condition, which is implicit in the formulation of the questions in this statistical enquiry, becomes in Weber's interpretation the essence of the whole much larger problem, to the extent that he

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totally neglects the evidence of Protestant successes in all other fields except as capitalists or *entrepreneurs*. Acting in all good faith, yet with consequences that were to weigh heavily throughout the whole polemic, Weber thus distorted from the start the entire premise upon which the problem rested.

Similar statistics could obviously have been established for all areas with religiously mixed populations, and quite independently of the economic system or the level of industrialisation would have produced similar results. My own country, Switzerland, would provide one excellent field for such research, thanks to its preservation of mediæval geo-political autonomies and its mixture of adjoining religious self-governing communities. The dividing boundaries between highly developed and (in modern parlance) under-developed areas of this country correspond almost exactly to the old boundaries between the two religious communities, the adherents of the new and the old faith. This is striking evidence; but these boundaries were already practically the same *before* the Reformation, and thus show us the extreme complexity of establishing cause and effect. Even more striking is the case of a country such as France, where since the 18th century a tiny Protestant minority has played a leading part grotesquely out of proportion to its numerical strength, not only in industry and finance, but equally in political and intellectual life. Nor are these spectacular achievements limited to the modernised or "capitalist" parts of France. In the poor peasant lands of the south, which since the 16th century have been the centre of resistance for politically defeated French Calvinism, the Protestant peasants remain to this day a nobility and an élite. And, in spite of entirely different power relationships throughout history, and in spite of the more recent reversal of this power relationship, the same statement applies to agricultural, Catholic, clerical Ireland where the small Protestant minority was and has remained the active élite.

BUT HERE I WISH TO WARN against the drawing of hasty conclusions. There can be no doubt of the ethical, intellectual *and* economic role played by dissenting minorities as an élite (and a "yeast") but this fact seems to be quite unconnected with the actual form of their dissent. To quote the Church Father: *Opportet haereses essel* Let us recall the Jews of Central and Eastern Europe, the religious minorities of the Near East and of India, groups whose achievements obviously have nothing whatever to do with the Protestant ethic and which yet have certain features in common with those of the Protestants in other parts of the world. In each case these are the response to a challenge imposed by legal or social discrimination which produce or evoke a higher level of activity and of discipline whenever the subjective conditions for such a response exist. The fact that Protestant doctrine, in its Calvinist variety, was more suited to the production of such endeavour and self-discipline than was Catholic doctrine, is shown to be true by the comparison between the Catholic minority in England and the Protestant minority in France—the general situation and conditions of life were almost identical through four centuries, and yet the English Catholics, unlike the French Protestants, have never acted as "the yeast" within their society. The Protestant teaching that the believer's behaviour as an individual is subject to no sanction by any external spiritual authority but only to the inner sanctions of his own conscience has undoubtedly armed and equipped them better for life in a "hostile" environment, without the paternal protection of established church authority, and it strengthened those virtues of responsibility, self-control, and spiritual independence which even the bitterest enemies of the Reformation have recognised in the Protestant minorities. Another equally important factor of spiritual as well as economic history is that for centuries the Protestant minorities living in Catholic countries, regardless of class, were a Bible-reading people, a "people of the book," like the Jews, and thus constituted a literate minority amidst illiterate masses. Yet we need not depend exclusively on such micro-sociological comparisons between different religious groups living within one and the same countries. Much more striking is (and was already for Weber) the global evidence furnished by the comparison of whole countries and continents. Consider the case of the two parts of the old Low Countries Belgium and Holland, once a single nation, but the development of which has diverged radically since 1600; no natural or historical pre-conditions except their different fate in the Reformation can explain why these two sections of one country, living side by side, should have diverged as obviously and to the extent they have. Similarly, on a continental scale, there is the image and counter-image of Anglo-Saxon and Latin America, the sociologist's textbook-example of development and under-development....

And here another question arises, which strangely enough has scarcely ever been mentioned in all this polemic. The Reformation took place at the very height of a period of almost breath-taking growth in Europe, of development in all the fields of the mind, of

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technology, of the liberation of human personality, of economic and imperial expansion. In no single one of these fields is there a scrap of evidence to show that the Reformation was a fresh start or that it gave birth to anything fundamentally new. All the evidence advanced in favour of Weber's thesis is taken from the 18th and 19th centuries—that is to say, from a period so remote in time from the age of religious division as to make direct and unambiguous connection with the Reformation quite impossible of proof, and all such examples are but further developments of what in fact started in all Europe towards the end of the Middle Ages.

One can go further: specifically in the field of capitalist organisation, Catholic Europe in the 15th and early 16th centuries (the age of the Fuggers) reached a level of structural and organisational development which was not to be achieved again for a further two centuries. Precisely in this domain a startling decadence and stagnation began in the middle of the 16th century. So does the Reformation represent a breakthrough from which a fresh progress can be dated? Or was it not rather the Counter-Reformation, as an authoritarian and total reaction against all manifestations of the free heretical spirit, which stopped all further progress and which, after the spiritual and material catastrophes of the Wars of Religion, prevented a resumption of such progress wherever it had been triumphant?

Before the Counter-Reformation this progress had not only been common to all Europe but had had as its matrix those very parts of Europe which had now fallen to the Counter-Reformation and which now subsided into a sleep of death both economically and (even more) intellectually, and where only the arts continued to flourish in the service of throne and altar. Think of the powerful *translatio imperii* of the sciences from Italy to England in the 17th century, or the astonishing absence of Catholic Germany from the re-birth of German philosophy and literature that followed the Thirty Years War.

And the exception which proves the rule is the confusing special position occupied by France. There the Catholic State Church had long been subordinated to the French crown and served as an instrument of the absolute monarchy which needed no reformation to establish a national church sovereignty. It refused to accept the Counter-Reformation, the Tridentine Council, the Inquisition, and clerical control of all intellectual life. During the decisive struggles of the 17th century His Most Christian Majesty of France was invariably allied to the Protestant states against Catholic Spain, and despite Louis XIV and the persecution of the Huguenots, Calvinism's imprint remained far stronger in France than its external history reveals.

IT IS PROBABLY the most absurd failure of this whole discussion concerning the historical role of Protestantism, a discussion carried on in a sort of intellectual incest behind closed windows, that it has quite simply ignored the other side of its problem: the historical part played by the Counter-Reformation (which was itself a reformation and which in its own way marked the end of Catholicism as a universal church), as if the sudden breaking of an ascendant curve of development did not constitute a far greater problem than its continuance. In the period of the Reformation all the bases of the modern world—capital, wealth, the highest technological and artistic level of development, global power, world trade—all these were almost exclusively present in countries that were and remained Catholic. Italy was the uncontested centre of material and intellectual culture. Spain and Portugal enjoyed the monopoly of colonising and exploiting both the Indies, the most important field of enterprise and the greatest source of wealth in the opening years of the modern age. It was *here*, and not among the poor and half-barbarian Protestant states on the fringe of northern and north-western Europe, that all the material and technical pre-conditions for the creation of modern economy and modern society were to be found.

One century later all this was petrifaction and decay. Catholic historians have shown us what an appalling break the Counter-Reformation was in the cultural history of Europe, and how deadly was the shadow cast by Inquisition and heresy trials across the lands where this reaction had triumphed. It was as if a spell had been laid upon this half of the continent from which it was not to awake until two centuries had passed, under the spur of enlightened, anti-clerical absolutism (or, even later, as a sequel to the Revolutionary Wars). During these centuries, in *one* half of Europe, an intellectual ferment, general and active throughout the *whole* continent on the eve of the Reformation, was extinguished and destroyed. The existential minimum of a free society, without which neither intellectual nor industrial pioneers, neither scientific research nor economic progress, are possible, was there totally uprooted. This is a cross-road of history which becomes caricature when we reduce it to a mere economic phenomenon.

Yet even in this narrow perspective we should raise the question *why* the Reformation permitted the free northern Netherlands to pre-

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serve and develop the great heritage of industrial and mercantile achievement while in the Spanish Netherlands it was destroyed—instead of reversing the terms of the problem and trying to discover *why* the Reformation produced achievements for which it was not, in fact, responsible. For the splendour and glory of Amsterdam flowed from the same factors that had made the splendour and glory of Antwerp in an earlier age. Amsterdam did not so much invent new commercial and financial devices as inherit what the Spanish wrath destroyed in Antwerp and attract those who fled the Inquisition (Jews, heretics, etc.). It is certainly legitimate to single out in the complex course of history *one* line of development (the development of the modern market and of a competitive economy in north-west Europe) as a subject of specialised research. But to believe that this will reveal the essence of the Reformation and of its effects, to wave a bank account book or a balance sheet and to cry: "Here is the quintessence of Calvinism!"—this is nonsense. And it is as much the duty of the economic historian as of the theologian to protest against such nonsense.

The Prophetic Tradition

IT IS SCARCELY a matter of reproach to the sociologists and social historians who conducted this debate that they were not theologians. It is bad enough that they had little knowledge of the doctrines of the Reformation, and apparently none at all of the Counter-Reformation; that they seem to have been unaware how similarly, for example, the question of predestination—the theological formulation of the insoluble problem of fate and free will—was posed in Protestant and Catholic theology, and that they jumped with a sort of dilettante enthusiasm into a psycho-analytical interpretation of the Calvinist doctrine of predestination as a theory of justification through success. Even more fatal, perhaps, was the careless and uncritical manner in which the materials provided by social and economic historical research were shovelled together in support of this theory (though in mitigation we must remember that the economic and social history of modern times has only recently emerged from the kindergarten stage). A good proportion of the clever theses produced are of no value because their authors—and unfortunately the names of Tawney and Sombart cannot here be excluded—lacked accurate knowledge of Canonical Law as it affected economic activity, of the basic mechanism of banking in those days, and of the methods of exchange and payment then current.

An example of this is the assumption that the activity of bankers in the 17th and 18th centuries consisted in lending money on interest, which led to the apparently obvious conclusion that Calvin, when he permitted the charging of interest, opened the locks for the rise of capitalism.... This is not the place to delve into the history of banking, which would lead us deep into the weird complexity of the financial economy of that time. Suffice it to say that the Protestant bankers, whose key position in the late 18th century has excited the fantasy of so many historians, were in no wise money-lenders. They were specialised operators of the international (and even local) mechanism of exchange and payment, and their techniques and ways of business in no wise differed from that of their Catholic colleagues. The canonical prohibition of usury had not the slightest relevance in this field, since it had never been applied to the foreign exchange dealings. The fact that since the end of the 17th century Dutch, English, and above all the highly successful French Huguenot bankers became more important than the old Italian and South German banking houses which had previously been supreme, was not due to any new banking techniques, but to the fact that the great trading centres of the continent were shifting steadily towards the north-west. And so far as the Huguenots were concerned, Calvin's doctrine had far less to do with their successes as bankers than had their destiny as a dispersed minority group scattered all over the world in small communities of religious refugees who were "predestined" to carry on an "international correspondence" among themselves; and international correspondence *was* the basis of all banking activity in those days. This does not constitute a chapter in the history of religious belief, but belongs to the science of historical "group sociology." "Protestant high finance" (the very phrase is an example of historical dilettantism at its worst) only existed as a sociological problem in Catholic countries, and specifically in France; it was the scandal of a successful minority exciting the attention and jealousy of the majority.

YET THESE BANKERS too are invalid and anachronistic witnesses to an untenable hypothesis. The Reformation as the ideology of of emergent capitalism? Let us ask our schoolboys for the names of the great capitalists involved in trade, manufacture, and banking at the time of the Reformation. They all know them: the Medici and the Fuggers. The Medici, who started as bankers to the Roman Curia, rose to be Popes themselves, and the

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Pope whom Luther defied was the son of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Or Jakob Fugger, the staunchest ally of Emperor and Pope in their fight against the reformers, who was the Curia's banker for all central, northern, and eastern Europe, who dealt in bishoprics and abbeys, in the phrase of a Venetian ambassador, as a lesser man might "deal in pepper and melons," and who sovereignly conferred on his nephews and associates the bishoprics of Germany, Poland, and Hungary that were important to his business. The financial affairs of the Church (the collection of tithes, annates, Crusaders' and Peter's pence), and the business side of eternal salvation, together with silver and copper mines and mints, all this Fugger controlled with the most up-to-date techniques of a contemporary world-wide business concern; in the end he was converting for his own purposes indulgences into an infinitely inflatable paper currency based upon a metaphysical gold reserve, the Saints' Treasury of Merit. The most immediate motive of Luther's rebellion against the Roman church is established beyond dispute and cannot now be "interpreted" away: it was a revolt against the corruption of the Church and simultaneously an outcry against the great capitalist organisations of the time which had found their strongest support and their richest grazing in and about the holy See of Peter. The Reformation, in so far as it was concerned with the affairs of *this* world, was *also* and very explicitly a protest against the worship of the Golden Calf. To use modern jargon, it was the outbreak of an anti-capitalist movement that had long been coming to a head at all levels of society. At that same Diet of Worms where Luther made his spectacular appearance, the second most important subject of debate was the general desire for imperial legislation to curb the trade monopolies, business cartels, pre-emption and usury practices that characterised the Fugger trading and banking house. And this would have produced the first Anti-Trust Act in modern history, if it had not been vetoed by the Emperor Charles V, whom Jakob Fugger reminded in sharp terms that his election was due to the bribe money lent him by the House of Fugger and not yet repaid. Recall Luther's and Hutten's searing speeches against the monopolies and the capitalised companies, and against the money-changers who had set up their tables in the Temple and the usurers who were consuming the substance of widows. This was the first occasion in the history of Western Christendom that the spirit and the speech of the Old Testament prophets was heard again, for whom the divine command of justice applied not only in the beyond but here and now, on earth.

This re-emergence of the Old Testament's prophetic tradition, which in the Roman Church had lain completely buried for more than a millennium beneath the Roman imperial and gentile heritage, had an all-embracing effect upon the Christian conscience of the age of the Reformation and upon Western Europe's spiritual and intellectual history.

It has affected every aspect of our private and public life and is still to be found even in the deepest undertones of our daily speech. For centuries the English and German languages have drawn their basic tone from the vernacular Bible, and this tone also impregnated the French language in the 16th and 17th centuries until the authoritarian linguistic regulations of Louis XIV's age rooted it out. It remains, however, so totally foreign to the Romance and Slav languages that no translator's skill can convey to the people who speak those tongues the true flavour of a Shakespeare or a Milton. We know that the French Huguenots and the English and Scottish puritans of the period of struggle felt closer to, and derived their inspiration more directly from, the Old Testament than the New. We see this in the strange old Jewish names with which they christened their sons and daughters, in the phrases and quotations from the Psalms and the Prophets that flow through their letters, sermons, and manifestos like heady wine, in the way they take for granted the interpretation of their own age in terms of the passionate figures of Israel's past, anathematising their foes with the Prophets' curses, calling the Pope a priest of Baal or a Nebuchadnezzar, identifying the French queen of St. Bartholomew's night with Jezebel and King Charles I with Rehoboam, the accursed of God, weeping in persecution and defeat beside the waters of Babylon, or celebrating a victory, as did Cromwell after Marston Moor, by striking up a thanksgiving psalm of David's.

"I hate, I despise your feastdays, and I will not smell your holy days. Take away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols. But let justice run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream." This outburst of fury on the part of the prophet Amos summarises the entire spirit of the Reformation. And it was by no means mere literary allegory. It was meant with a deadly, burning seriousness. The social teachings of Zwingli and Calvin, as well as the revolutionary stance of the Huguenots, the Dutch, and the Puritans, are permeated through and through with the spirit of the Old Testament. They found their models in the books of Israel, in the simple people and the shepherds who spoke and argued with God face to face, in the judges,

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prophets, and leaders of their people who rose against unjust princes and false prophets and who believed that the children of God should be concerned not only with holiness but also with justice and sanctification *here on earth*.

There is no need of subtle interpretations of Calvinist predestination or psycho-analysis of Protestant loneliness—as Max Weber's successors have attempted so repeatedly—to understand why the Calvinist Puritans were conscious of themselves as the Chosen People. This sprang spontaneously from their self-identification with the historical People of God as stated in those ancient books that were their daily reading and their spiritual nourishment. And it was this identification, far more than any theological doctrinal difference, that really made Calvinism into a form of Christianity quite other than that of Rome. With this identification there appeared in the modern world a fragment of that ancient Jewish prophetic spirit which is directed not towards the next world nor to the inner soul, but outwards to righteousness and justice in this world. This provided the yeast that fermented their political desires, formed their political behaviour, and has left its mark on all the struggles that have convulsed the modern world to create states based upon constitution and upon law.

The Intellectual Revolution

NOR IS IT TRUE that this revolution was a bourgeois or urban class movement. The Reformation movement in Germany as in France affected in large measure all strata of the people, including the urban burghers and officials; but it also produced a much wider and more direct effect upon the peasantry; and, what was far more important politically, it was embraced by the nobility. When the violent struggle for power ended with the victory of one side, the nobility in general conformed to the religion of the prince—whatever it was—and the illiterate and oppressed peasantry, deprived of teachers, ministers, and freedom to worship, sooner or later had to follow the seigneurs. Only the bourgeoisie had the social independence necessary to stick to its faith even as a minority. This is the way French Protestantism became bourgeois: not at the start, but in the end, after centuries, by elimination. This is not a question of doctrine, but of social history—and of a very violent social history. And every single case would have to be discussed here in terms of what actually happened.

In recent years there has taken place in England a thorough, indeed a passionate, re-examination of the Puritan Revolution, which has seriously questioned the historical interpretation of R. H. Tawney and his school, according to which the Cromwellian Commonwealth marked the crest of a bourgeois revolutionary wave. In this titanic struggle for individual freedom, for the independence of the law courts and for parliamentary control, the urban bourgeoisie of merchants and traders played an almost negligible part and failed to produce a single dominant personality. Tawney's whole analysis of the "social revolution", which ascribes to the English landed gentry of the Cromwellian period a "bourgeois capitalist mentality" which is said to contrast with the spirit prevailing among the court nobility, may simply be a very personal handling of sociological categories. But an approach of this sort can be used with or without almost any sort of historical data to "prove" whatever is desirable of proof, and the contrary as well.

WE SHOULD IN ANY CASE HESITATE before we assert so casually that the Reformation was this or that—a bourgeois, feudal, proletarian, nationalist, or national-ecclesiastical revolution, according to whichever suits our book. It was all that and more, for it marked a change of epoch that affected everything. What the Reformation was and wished to be cannot be discovered *backwards*, by examining what became of the individual reformed churches and sects. These are *the outcome of its failure*.

Originally a spiritual movement embracing all Western Christendom, it tried and failed to reform the one ecumenical Christian Church in its unity, and to re-establish it anew according to the Word in all its purity. On the eve of the Reformation an overwhelming majority of the intellectual and moral élite, clerical as well as temporal, of all nations and all classes were in agreement that such a reform was both necessary and urgent, even though they might disagree about the form it should take. The fact that in the fearful struggle between the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation this attempt to reform the One Church resulted in a multiplicity of individual churches and sects, and in the wreckage of the unity of Western Christendom, was a scandal which for two centuries was equally intolerable to all the partisans of both camps. Even the violence of the Wars of Religion and the mutual persecutions bear witness to this stubborn refusal to accept the division of Christianity as definite and final. In this drama of intended reform in unity and the actual splitting of the Church that resulted therefrom, many threads of history converge and separate again.

There is a first and basic distinction which

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must be made if we would understand the Reformation in its reality as an historical event: on the one hand there is the *religious* aspect, which was concerned with the reform of dogma and of church administration, but which also embraces all the battles for reform and all the heretical movements of the Middle Ages as well as the struggle between the authority of the Councils and that of the Popes. And on the other hand there is the ecclesiastico-political aspect, in which equally ancient lines of development can be traced, but ones that follow quite another direction: the struggle between temporal princely power and spiritual clerical power which had its climaxes in the struggle between Emperor and Pope, in the triumph of the French monarchy over the Papal power in the time of Philippe le Bel, and in the Great Schism of the 14th–15th centuries, and which continues in all Catholic countries to this day. And it was in that second aspect that the different reformation movements actually parted their ways.

THE GRANDIOSE RELIGIOUS IMPULSE of Lutheranism was internally broken by its subordination to the state-church policy of the reigning sovereigns, establishing themselves as the princes of the Church. Ecclesiastically, politically, and also economically, the Reformation in Northern Germany, in Scandinavia, and initially in Henry VIII's England, began as a campaign of plunder waged by the princes and the nobility against the estates and riches of the Church. In Scandinavia this actually preceded the movement for *religious* reform, which only got under way when the ruling powers felt the need of justification for their confiscation of Church wealth and authority. And it is scarcely necessary to insist that this confiscation was carried out by and to the profit of the crown and the nobility, not by the bourgeoisie. It was only the following waves, the struggles of the Scottish and Puritan revolutionaries against the Anglican Church and the Crown, which transformed the merely political nationalisation of the Church into a religious reformation.

The significance of Calvinism in world history lies in the fact that it failed to win political power and thereby remained almost free of political-opportunistic considerations and princely usurpations, and so allowed the revolutionary impulse to religious reform to flower free and uncontaminated. It was left to the Calvinists to implement the Reformation not merely by the substitution of new princes of the church and new clerics for old, but by proclaiming that henceforth their communities would recognise "no Lord other than Christ."

CALVIN WAS THE ONLY systematiser among the reformers. He belonged to the second generation, already steeled in the battle, the contemporary and counterpart of Ignatius Loyola when the Counter-Reformation was in process of organisation. He was the political and spiritual leader of all the reformed minorities in Europe who were fighting against the power of the state, from Hungary and Poland to Scotland. He was the revolutionary among the reformers, and it is in him that the Old Testament prophetic passion to conform word and deed, doctrine and daily life, faith and practical politics, break forth in their total and elementary force. He forged the Calvinist-Puritan type of man, answerable only to God and to his conscience, that is to say free and responsible, and he created the Calvinist community that bows to no human authority and for which the separation from the state is always axiomatic unless the state and the community be one (as in old Geneva or in the Puritan settlements of New England). From Geneva, the Zion of the new People of God, a revolution in the truest sense set forth. What made the Calvinists, hard-working and useful subjects though they were, so intolerable to French absolutism was not their religion, for France's rulers had small loyalty towards Rome, but rather what the French intendants and governors rightly described as "their incurably republican spirit."

And these free men, responsible to themselves and their own conscience and—unlike the inner-directed Lutherans—active in the world, spread their effect far beyond the realm even of the Calvinist diaspora and far beyond the time of the initial intensity of belief, to become a yeast in the Western world, the most active agents of the development towards a modern Western society in which "capitalism" (as defined in the polemic here under discussion) is but one strand among many. The dangers and aberrations of this freedom are known to us, as is the fall of self-responsibility into that self-righteousness and hard-heartedness and awful aridity which Protestant societies so often display. In the great polemic which Weber inaugurated, much Protestant self-criticism has come to light, and indeed may be said to have provided the keynote of that whole debate carried on over a half-century that was full of despair for the future of the free society and the free individual. Yet no matter how we may evaluate the dangers inherent in this liberation of the self-responsible individual which proceeds so essentially from the Calvinist Reformation—whether we regard it as a blessing or (as did the Romantic under the shadow of the French Revolution) as a curse—here, in the liberation of man from

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spiritual submission and fear of man lies the true and deep connection between Calvinism and the modern industrial society. It is the same connection that links rational Calvinist religiosity with positive science, and the Calvinist community with modern democracy. All else is but by-product. And that all this hangs inseparably together is at least far better known to us to-day than it was to the social critics of the early part of this century, who so easily took the political and spiritual prerequisites of the modern society for granted.

ALL THESE FACTS are so old and so well known that my remarks may seem to resemble a Puritan gunpowder sermon rather than a contribution to a discussion concerning matters of economic and social history. Yet precisely what was so well known to everyone was in danger of being forgotten. For half-a-century historians in Europe at least regarded it as old-fashioned or childish to take seriously banalities such as these: that the Reformation sprang from the scandals of the Church, or that the reformers were preoccupied with the Word of God. It was more up-to-date to know more about the motives and views of historical figures than these men had known themselves. They might have thought that they fought for truth or justice or freedom, as they understood them; the sociologist had no hesitation in putting them right and pointing out that they consciously or unconsciously represented class interests, no matter what they themselves may have said or done. Ignatius Loyola was the exponent of feudalism, Calvin of the bourgeoisie.

The problem now is not one of returning to a point of view that ante-dates historical materialism, nor of giving up the investigation of the material history of man which has been so efficiently initiated by Marx and his followers. Rather it is a question of sorting out the intolerable confusion of categories that has been created by the coarse schematism of the primitive class concept, and above all of learning once again what the allegedly naïve liberal historians of a hundred years ago knew because it is apparent to the naked eye: namely, that the great drama of history is, when all is said and done, more than the mere clash of economic interests and groups.

ONLY WHEN we have achieved once again such a general perspective will the discussion concerning "Calvinism and Capitalism" have reverted to its proper place, which is important but secondary, and only then will it be possible to evaluate its importance in relation to the facts. In the opening and closing pages of my study of the *Banque Protestante en France* I dissected in some detail various particular theses thrown up in the course of this polemic. I do not intend to repeat those remarks which only apply in connection with a factual analysis. There is, however, one relevant point that I should like to make briefly and summarily.

What has been called Calvin's social doctrine is not to be found in any coherent body of his teaching but is only to be discovered and deduced from fragments widely scattered among his sermons and his glosses, and is in fact in no case anything other than biblical commentary. But this biblical commentary is always made with an eye on the existential needs and the moral problems of the scattered Calvinist communities and of his beleaguered city of Geneva whose responsible leader and counsellor he was. In this respect, as well as in others, it was always by referring to Holy Writ that he carried on his radical and critical re-examination of the scholastic Church tradition. It was not Luther nor even Zwingli, statesman and politician though he was, who completed the great breach with the mediæval social doctrine of the Catholic Church, but the revolutionary, systematic thinker Calvin, trained in the juristic and humanistic disciplines.

The Catholic Schoolmen had based their economic and social doctrine, in a rigidly literal exegesis, on the authority of Aristotle; the very word economy, in this tradition, meant the natural economy, which was the only "natural" and therefore the only God-given form of economy, the patriarchal, autarchic, landowner's and householder's economy in opposition to the economy of the market and of exchange, which Aristotle defined as chrematistic, *i.e.*, an economy of money and of profit, which he condemned. The whole discussion about Calvinism and Capitalism means (and always meant) little else than this: the word capitalism is our modern substitute for chrematistics, and the unmentioned, idealised counter-image is the patriarchal, "natural" land economy with its "natural" hierarchical order of master and servant, landlord and serf, monarch and subject, in sum the image of mediæval society, the relationship of which is not defined in terms of money, or of give-and-take, but in terms of personal subordination. The schoolmen's economic and social doctrine, together with the Canonical Law that derived therefrom, had since the High Middle Ages proved incapable of adapting itself to economic change; the doctors of the School and of Canonical Law were never able to incorporate organically into

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their doctrine the facts of trade, of an urban economy based on industry and market, of finance and exchange, in brief of all the elements created by a new, non-feudal development. The result was the decaying Late Scholasticism that lingered on into the 18th century, where none of the terms it employed preserved a true meaning, and hair-splitting subtlety competed with pedantic ignorance.

The evangelical injunction to charity, *mutuum date nihil inde sperantes*: give and hope not for a return, was interpreted as a law of economic behaviour which condemned not only usury but every form of profitable activity, and was unflinchingly applied in doctrine to market and bargaining, price and wages, overseas trade and capital investment. In practical terms this meant, quite simply, that the whole of economic life as lived in non-agrarian societies was a life of sin, and as the injunction to charity could not be enforced as a market regulation, the market economy was thus abandoned to wallow in its sinfulness. This act of abandonment had in fact taken place long ago. For centuries before the Reformation, the treatises of the schoolmen on such subjects as trade, the laws of exchange, or value and payment, had become mere casuistry, a doctrine consisting solely of exceptions without a rule. And the result of this was a state of intellectual, moral, and legal chaos, in which everything was permitted precisely because all was sinful, and in which all the blasphemies of the *Banco dello Spirito Santo* and of the Fuggers' inflation of bills of indulgence drawn on the Saints' Treasury of Merit could flourish unchecked. Yet for a theologian to recognise the unsuitability of the injunction to charity as a guiding rule for economic life, as a tariff regulation or stock exchange law, meant no less than a second fall of man. Here Luther, too, was still a Schoolman.

Calvin's breach with the body of ecclesiastical doctrine was in the first instance a painful act of intellectual honesty and clarity, in accord with the deep impulse of the Reformation age to establish a more truthful conformity between doctrine and life, between word and deed. How painful this step was is shown by the fact that Calvin was so fearful of what the results might be should he publish his thoughts on interest and credit, that he only dared utter them in his confidential correspondence. Yet eight years after his death, the Genevan city fathers could claim his authority when the French refugees poured into the city after the Eve of St. Bartholomew. Robbed of all their possessions, they nevertheless remained proud and energetic men who would not beg for alms. They asked for loans, repayable with interest and compound interest, wherewith to re-build their shattered careers. The tragic circumstance of the age had thus produced the classic example that justified productive credits both on economic and on ethical grounds, and which also quite clearly established the difference between interest recovered from a profitable venture and usury extorted from the helpless poor.

As THE CONFUSION of these terms haunts this polemic, it is necessary to state here quite bluntly that throughout the centuries the Catholic Church had tolerated usury, not in silence but openly and explicitly. It was not Calvin who permitted the usurers to set up their businesses in Geneva, but the ruling prince bishop, Adhemar Fabri who, a century-and-a-half before Calvin, in his famous *Privileges for the Genevan Trade Fairs*, announced that any person attending the Fair, man or woman, cleric or lay, was entitled to practise usury without restriction and was further promised episcopal protection against any complaints or interference on this account. It was not Calvin who introduced usury into Geneva; it was he who abolished it by drawing a clear distinction between interest from capital productively invested (which he declared legitimate under strict regulations and within narrow limits) and usury parasitically derived from the misfortunes of others (which was pitilessly forbidden and prosecuted). The result is known to every economic historian. In the centuries before the French Revolution finally broke the spell of Canonical Law in Catholic Europe too, the difference between the Protestant and the Catholic countries was not that in the one money was lent on interest and in the other interest-free, but that in Protestant lands the cheapness of recognised, openly regulated and precisely defined interest-bearing capital investment provided an important factor in economic development, while in the lands where Canonical Law still obtained, the usurious interest-charge for capital loans was one of the principal barriers to economic progress.

The full importance, not only economic but also and perhaps primarily intellectual, of the breach with the scholastic tradition would be a subject not for one essay but for a full-length study. Only when a rational legitimation of capital- and interest-accounts permitted the introduction of the time-coefficient into economic calculations did rational economic thought first become possible at all. But to say that more simply in Calvinist terms: only the clear (if painful) distinction between the realm of private voluntary charity towards other human

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beings in want, which is dictated by human conscience and to which the Sermon on the Mount applies, and on the other hand the realm of acquisitive economic activity, where the worldly precepts, anchored in positive rights and laws, of probity, legality, and fairness apply—*la loi d'équité* in Calvin's phrase—only the drawing of this distinction permitted the redemption of the human condition, the material, existential needs and worries of mankind, from the general and indiscriminate curse of sinfulness which simply abandoned everything this side of the grave to sin. In place of this curse it substituted, in this world in which men have to live and act, the simple demand that law and human honesty, so far as this is obtainable, be realised here on earth.

In the Protestant work-ethic the breach with the Schoolmen's image of the world and of society was even wider. The Schoolmen had seen misery and pauperism as an eternal evil, willed by God upon a sinful world. Against humanity's mass misery, the Middle Ages knew no gesture save that of the beggar resignedly holding out his hand and that of the rich man with equal resignation dropping his alms into it. The followers of Calvin had to learn to live their lives in a new, cold, clear light, not in the radiant glow cast by the sanctity of the beggar's profession, nor in the humble acquiescence in misery as the wages of sin, but in the hard school of discipline and work as free and proud men who demanded not pity and grace but work and the right to live their own lives in responsibility towards themselves. And certainly we will not fail also to notice the shadow on the man's image, the social morality of success and utilitarianism which has marked so many puritan societies in which the Father's house had no longer many mansions but had become a single workhouse.

We may perhaps judge more mildly when we realise that only by such drudgery was it possible finally to overcome pauperism, and that the harshness of social discipline both towards oneself and towards others was the school in which the free society had to be educated. Yet it is beyond doubt that the shudder we feel even now in the face of this inner hardness when we study the Calvinist Reformation, has provided the basic tone of most of the theses concerning "Calvinism and Capitalism." The apparently factual research into problems of economic and social history has often been an expression of our uneasiness in modern society, and to some of the scholars engaged in this controversy Calvinism has provided a fascinating scapegoat for the evils of progress.

Facing Facts

Velleities and doubts have occupied
A week.
The pleasing and reposeful role of those
Who speak

Wisely of what they'll never lie awake
Because of.
"Maybe he . . ." "She ought . . ." "One certainty, it's . . ."
Not our love.

When all is said and said again, we then
Locate some pride
In facing facts—that this was all escape—
And there we hide.

D. J. Enright

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ART

British Painting Today

An American View — By MAX KOZLOFF

THERE HAS ALWAYS been something hollow about the praise the British bestow upon their art. "If we have no heroes," their critics seem to be saying, "at least we can find a few painters whom we have nothing too much against." Local displeasure, on the other hand, has always been less grudging, and of that, the Contemporary Art Society's exhibition "British Painting in the Sixties," held last year at the Tate and Whitechapel galleries, has received an abundance. As an American critic judging the same event, I find myself sharing some of the hearty disapproval of my English colleagues. But where we part ways, finally, is in my surprised, yet quite genuine, optimism.

At the start, it is hard to be unaware of a general deficiency in British art. Timorousness, in itself, does not accurately express it. Rather, the word underlies the withdrawals and missed opportunities which have resulted from a certain ethical nicety, a fastidious and yet involuntary equilibrium of pictorial impulses. Sacrifices of radical positions in British painting, when known as sacrifices, are made for the sake of imaginary virtues. Sensuous restraint, further, cannot be respected when there is little sensuous responsiveness. And one questions a moral husbanding of energy in a picture when there is no implication of energy. Less than wilful reticence, the paintings on display seemed imbued with a rigidity of feeling. Their undemonstrative, well-bred tone, in fact, has been eliciting ever-increasing criticism, a criticism all the more impatient because it has not yet succeeded in deflecting its subject from the blandness of its best intentions. As exemplars of the latter, one can choose, from the Tate: Le Brocquy, Medley, Hilton, Heath, Coldstream, and Vaughan; and, among the younger painters at the Whitechapel, Denny, Crozier, Blake, and Hubbard. This list is not exhaustive.

The pre-eminent critical issue so far raised about British art centres around its possible loss of "Britishness," as if the latter was some burdensome form of virginity. Even now, the livelier younger painters in England are demanding that their work must be judged "by the best standards now available" (presumably New York's), thus tacitly admitting their backwoods, secondary role in new art. Provincialism is almost always defined as distance from a centre, and this distance, as well as its negative connotations, is included in the description of British art by even its most sympathetic representatives. What is forgotten is that the centre must generally be insular, while the periphery is cosmopolitan. No breakthrough has ever been made in the history of twentieth century avant-gardes with the toleration, much less the acknowledgement, of other people's standards. Understandably chafing at the amateurism in their own home ground, the most interesting British artists—those about whom I shall be speaking—may nevertheless overlook the possibility that their very knowingness, if it has elevated them above their immediate surroundings, is what also separates them from the kind of inspired hermeticism which is a contingency of advanced art. The question of provincialism, therefore, is invariably mis-stated, by the artists as well as the critics.

When it occupied a mere outpost position in the very late thirties and early forties, New York painting was in an acquisitive, canny state of receptivity, more learned and open to sensation, though less decisive than its already faltering Parisian mentor. What followed was perhaps the last great splicing together of multiple pictorial directions, fusing and charging a moment into an overall definition of what had become contemporary. It was in 1956, long after this American awareness of the needs and possibilities of art had given out (an awareness whose maximum homogeneity, in any event, was overrated) that British painting started to take earlier New York developments seriously. Not merely did that year witness the first extensive presentation of our work in England, but it coincided with a long simmering necessity for the generation just then maturing to break free from Paris. But already the British recapitulation of what had happened among us could only have taken, albeit reluctantly, a divergent, less heroic path. Any outright assimilation of our goals for the British artist has proved to be as out of character as it is certainly out of phase.

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THERE HAVE BEEN, in fact, several ironies in the timing of this retrospective of British painting. One is that, as yet, English art, or for that matter art anywhere, of the sixties, hardly exists. One cannot look back upon something which has not really begun. This prematureness of administrative thinking is, however, symptomatic of attitudes that go back several years in London art criticism and discussion groups. Their history is full of an admirable eagerness for new ideas unmatched by digestive capacity, and a lively interest in technical matters unaccompanied by proper technical equipment. Because they never deeply experienced the transitional states essential to the development of the outside conditions that most affected them, the British artists have always been paradoxically behind their teachers, but ahead of themselves. Those who inherited avant-garde status never really lived up to it, and of almost the whole post-war period in Britain it can be said that art lived, and paintings were painted, only by proxy. Without in the least having meant to, the shows demonstrated this very well.

But probably the most poignant irony of the Tate-Whitechapel exhibition, even when one admits, as I do, that it reflected a coming of age among certain London painters, was that the present New York situation once again catches them off guard. Until recently, eddies of more vital historical currents, whether in Europe or America, when swizzled through the British painterly sensibility, have always tended toward eclecticism. If this situation is changing, it is because there have appeared some breakers of resistance, open to influence, and yet relatively well formed, for once, in themselves. Coming out of the Royal College of Art, and represented most comprehensively by Ronald Kitaj, is a scattering of painters interested in popular culture, and current or past events, which can be matched in talent, authenticity, and positiveness of direction only by such quasi-abstractionists as Harold Cohen and Richard Smith. Together, these two refreshingly unnameable segments of new painting in London are devoted to a cohesiveness that is genuinely rooted in the processes of the creative art. As much because of their resourcefulness as their sensitivity to the changing idioms of investigation, they are exerting an ever more clarifying force of vision upon their contemporaries.

Among their peers in New York, however—artists whose work is based on similar stylistic premises—this very self-dependence has been devaluated. We have had a crumbling of the notion of the avant-garde in America, such that centre and margin ideas and their embodiments no longer occupy determinable positions, but oscillate so madly on the scale of artifice that only the most elaborate cynicism pins them down. The present anti-heroic mood countermands that of the CAS exhibition, and of British painting no doubt for some time to come, with a vengeance. If their overwhelming elders had based art on the total identification of style with personal impulse (the paint gesture, or the uniquely worked up surface), the newcomers of New York painting (e.g. Robert Indiana, Frank Stella, Roy Lichtenstein) derisively criticise the idea of art as unrepeatably shaped by individuals. They may paint signs, align stripes, or imitate comics, but their work has in common a refuge into de-personalised arbitrary patterns, and since they still want to be considered as creators, the adoption of an ironic tone. Whatever coherence results depends on a conflict between their artistic motivation and the means they have utilised. Hence a promising artist acting freely, such as Allen Jones at the Whitechapel, discovers that he is in a curious situation: *retardataire* exactly because, in welding together a style originating in certain forms of illustration for children, and sloughing off the merely gratuitous elements in his work, he has found himself. Looked at by New York standards, that is, by those of a wonderfully skilful con man, Britain retains its innocence. But it is for the first time a viable innocence.

I FIND the CAS show instructive, therefore, in how it charts the variable dynamics of British art. They are best illustrated, I think, by eight artists, coincidentally halved by the two generations (born roughly before and after 1930). The four older men are Francis Bacon, Alan Davie, Patrick Heron, and William Scott. How revealing of British conservatism it is to note that Bacon (one of at most three figures to have emerged as significant in all European art since the war), and Davie, who everyone knows to be the least explainable in terms of local conditions, exerted no influence on men of their own age. For the velvety *diableries* of the one, and the paint-slapping vulgarity of the other, both of them compelling statements no matter how much in themselves opposed, no bridge existed into the yeomanry of English art. Yet they were as much removed from the deadly serious problems of the "central" New York school, as the squeamishness of their colleagues. The only explanation for the fact that Bacon, unlike that other backwoods artist, Sutherland, is not provincial, is that the former burrowed inward, the other only backward. Davie and Bacon, however, may have passed the moments of maximum tension in their essentially fixated

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art, if their present unreassuring exhibits are any indication. In any event, they have affected the younger generation, with consequences that will have to be indicated.

Heron and Scott, in contrast, are mainliners exhibiting under the best credentials of middle generation British abstract art. Of them, I wish more can be said than that they have minimised its vices. Neither of the two is categorical in his thinking—one remembers their past shifts between abstraction and figuration—but each has a restricting frame of mind that limits the problems he poses himself, without augmenting their significance. This applies to Scott's nuances of surface as well as Heron's flat patch changes of colour. Particularly characteristic are the compositional arrangements of these artists, once consisting of a vague, grid-like system of rectangles, now having been made more tentative by rounding them off and boggling them about. It is a dry reverie on Cubism, of no constructional importance whatever, but filled with a lassitude which, at its best moments, has a touch of pathos. What emerges of intended value in Scott and Heron is their aloofness from associated images or illustrative colour, an ideal pursued in an attempt to distil some essence of the painterly sensibility. With Scott, the effort is tinged with puritanism, while his colleague accents it by chromatic research. Like scraping an empty cake tin, however, the profit derived from refining a sensibility that wards off experience is minute. In their case, the process has actually led to rather unrefined, or at best uncompleted effects. The final impression is curiously neutral. Heron, for instance, seems to have schematised early Rothko, rather than done anything further with the American artist's materials, just as Henry Mundy, an accomplished member of that same generation, gives us (in "Ju Ju") a handsome, but equally deflavoured variant of Gorky.

SUCH, BRIEFLY HIGHLIGHTED, is the very motley legacy that the younger artists in London have had to work upon. An American observer expecting to find a breathless struggle between painting of the fifties and the nascent decade in England, as there has been in New York, will be disappointed. Nevertheless, if not expressed by action and reaction, there has been a channelling of motifs between the age groups that could not fail to account for many of the directions at the Whitechapel.

Harold Cohen, for example, cannot be mistaken for an American painter, for all that he acknowledges a debt to New York. There is a largeness of scale, an extreme brilliance of palette, but no plunge into the most radical, and perhaps limiting implications of his work, and, above all, no cajolery. Cohen's art maintains the unbuoyed, fragmented composition of preceding English abstract painting, but circumscribes it by imposing a variety of conventions —arcs, canals, cones, stripes—upon a very tough-minded colour matter. As a result, there is a dialectical slide in one's experience of his two rather opposed, but conciliated choices: the typological forms thrusting into relief the individuality of his colour. What is more, he sidesteps the semi-abstract nature romanticism of St. Ives, and, say, the geometricism of Pasmore or Nicholson, by taking their kind of element-consciousness, incorporating it into his canvasses, but at the same time announcing his detachment from the whole endeavour. The diagrammatic presences in his work, emphasised frequently by dotted lines, are much more literal, yet more mysterious than mere representations, and one feels like a witness to some kind of allegory of the creation of a work of art rather than the work itself. Far from being a restriction, in Cohen's hands this turns into an enlargement of pictorial thought. It enables him to be meditative without being sentimental, and provides a suspension of impulses, in which a complicated, abstruse conceptualising is warmed by an openness of colour, that gives recent English art one of its rare notes of elegance.

Richard Smith, too, has this sort of elegance, but it is much more illustratively phrased in his pictures. With him, this is not in the least accidental inasmuch as he deliberately cadges and blows up—beyond recognition—the vocabulary of slick commercial illustration. Improbably enough, the phony silkiness of the original motif, say a glossy ad for a woman's shampoo, is completely in accord, even if only metaphorically, with Smith's quite genuine feathery paint handling. That his overall format, magnified, close-valued, muted fields of colour, derives from Rothko and Newman, however, realigns him with ambitious colour-abstraction, and stops him far short of pop art. Indeed, Smith, like Cohen, retreats from clarification of his objectives, and makes of the middle ground, not a cheap insurance, but the resonance of a new ambiguity. For Scott, the mid-point is on all too solid earth; for Smith, it is like thrillingly sensuous quicksand.

After considering Richard Smith, one had greater difficulty describing the other luminous spots at the Whitechapel exhibition. For the art of Jones and Kitaj takes whatever latent incongruity there is in new abstraction, and subverts it to wholly bewildering but advantageous figurative ends. Aside from the curious dreaminess that they have in common with

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Smith, their greatest single mutual affinity is with that aspect of Bacon's work one best calls the "slur." To eliminate this quaver of contour, which in Bacon functions both to disembody human images and to electrify them emotionally, is also to take from Kitaj and Jones all that which is physically breathing and movemented in their art.

One senses this formal device, in fact, as a necessary mediation between the metaphorical disjunctions which are quite operative in these younger men. Allen Jones' enormous "Sun Plane," for instance, comprises a kindergarten conception of plane contours, within which are colour areas from lurid model kit covers, mingled with piercing rainbow hues reminiscent of American painters like Morris Louis or Kenneth Noland. What makes the picture a *tour de force* is Jones' aforementioned passage work, instilled with its gamut of references, the complex identity of which dazzles the imagination. But what makes it a cogent work of art, finally, is his good faith.[1]

IF I RESERVE Kitaj for the last, it is because I think of his contribution at once as a summa of the activities of the younger generation, and as their most problematical expression. Not since Benjamin West has an American artist comes to British shores and become instantly more indigenous than his London colleagues. That is, he has shown a responsiveness to the British hesitation before all extremes, and has made of it a vehicle which swings across, while assimilating, every arrested motion in post-war English art. The more one notices checks and balances, stops and starts in the present scene, the more one is convinced that it is Kitaj above all who has made them conscious, and thus, validly activated. More drivingly in him than in any of the others exhibited, one finds compressed such basic antinomies as painterly—non-painterly, discreetness and overstatement, colour and line, deep and flat space, and, pre-eminently, the faculties of knowledge and impulse. The explorative character of his work, indeed, would be untypical of British painting, were it not constantly screened by his judiciousness. I give as one of the most intimately poised examples of the latter, certain dry, deadpan moments in "Tédéum" (the pun itself is evocative) which, because they are terribly intense, no sensitive observer could ever mistake as evidence of deficient pictorial equipment. Because one is made aware of the mutual exasperation of all the elements he combines, none of them appear embryonic or gratuitous. Implied in Kitaj's painting is the one most salient criticism of the Tate show I have seen: that the artist cannot synthesise an area of no inquiry until he has thrown as wide apart as possible the language polarities of painting. In order to make this gesture a success, though, a painter would have to have Kitaj's sometimes fragile, but always exquisite sense of the vicarious in our experience of words, ideas, and sensations.

The major point of intersection between young London and New York painting, therefore, appears to be the equation of paradigmatic motifs with formal invention. Advanced work in either city addresses itself very little to the problem of directly implementing perception by paint, but rather erects symbolical or archetypal structures, beyond which it is necessary to penetrate in order to glimpse some of the diffident imperiousness that so informs new art. Efforts to interpret its British aspect discover a considerable skittishness, elasticity, and abstractness of meaning. The interweaving of idea and execution in, say, Richard Smith and Kitaj is suggestive on so many different levels that it is surprising to feel how unified their organising processes are: there is no letdown of tension in any area, even when it may be a fairly literary resistance to the too easy reading of a form. I should qualify that surprise as specifically American, however, because in our more Dadaistically oriented work, we are accustomed to extremely convoluted attitudes, and a kind of mechanistic chicanery (this lack of style is style, this non-choice, choice, this illusionism, non-illusionistic) that results in objects whose ideational and visual durability is limited, to say the least. And yet, if one is working in the absurd mode, it is not inappropriate to *be* absurd (Andy Warhol's Campbell's soup can), an American intuition capable of making almost all similar British painting look conservative and lacking in bite.

The rather humiliating factors which spice new art on both sides of the Atlantic must not be overlooked. In New York, one has the proximity of a titanic older generation whose broadness of spirit, while still casting vitality, seems impossible to recover. In London, one notes the belated apprehension of a great hiatus of pictorial energy, and the attempt to firm the ground by minds whose primary building material is enlightened caution. The liabilities are obviously different, but, perhaps for the first time, not unequal. Then, too, there is no question that they are intrinsic to that asset which is a common understanding in Britain and America, of the condition of art in 1963. A genuine dialogue between us is beginning.

[1] At the 1963 Paris Biennale, Allen Jones won the Prix des Jeunes Artistes, open to all foreign exhibitors under thirty-five, and awarded by a panel of young French painters.

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Delphi

for Alan Ansen

I remember I've not
been here
before
I shan't soon forget
the green bronze charioteer
one-armed nor
the bodiless shanks of his horses
nor that
I don't question what
or who's there
behind this havocking midnight
at my room door:
Jet
the dolphin sowed arches
nearing crowned with light:
Unquestionable blue
gulf water ran
that vale then
whipped
seaward back under his dextrous lyre
roaring outcropped
with olive yet from this hill's brow
poured song struck
fecund out of its rainbowed rock
face crutch
a shuddering beaten silver
vert compact even
if not before
I know I know
too how
these hills leonine
on either side
stroked
by his merciless light
coiling submitted:
Their teeth remain
locked
in a horse's thigh
blank eyes full abdicated moons
dutifully
made
disembodied stone
butcher's meat and bone
battle
shards rattle
of a done
day craving entry
for a completed story
now game his gold limbs
dropped have into the sea
of me
the reins
abandoned I read how upon
that facing hill
one path whose line
burns nowhere down along my wall
to nowhere zigzag climbs
invisible
snipe's whistle
I am by design
if he will
direct simple
hope never note of mine:
I lie
embodying here one yesterday
his
left
arm green
with underground with promise
green lift
my bronze mane
to a contracting sky
his premise:
Peace in his hand locked might
well
subdued the pythoness declare:
His vale
assumes their story:
Crossing I harp my news
live wire
hello
tomorrow
midnight a mount of midnight
air:
Although
my lord is maimed I shall expect no more
healing in servitude than practical mercies:
Because:
My eastering hooves
dabble above his olive groves:
He set in their midst admonitory
dark the taller cypresses:
I assume an old story
a topiary
me:

Chester Kallman

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NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from Paris

The New Puritans

FREEDOM of expression has, in France, been threatened from various sides since the war —not, as might be thought, only by civilian and military representatives of the state, but also by their critics and enemies; as much under the Fourth as under the Fifth Republic; as much from the Left as from the Right. My folder bulges with clippings about such scandals, confiscations, law-suits, fines, and the like: yet I think it can be said that no significant work of literature, or opinion, or piece of information actually fell sacrifice to this censorship. Considering the long colonial wars, the dangers of civil strife, the *putsches*, acts of terrorism, and attempts to murder high state officials, the extent to which freedom of opinion was maintained throughout nearly two decades of crisis is striking.

This optimistic view is, at any rate, shared by M. Jérôme Lindon, publisher of *Editions de Minuit*—the publishing house, that is, which holds the record in confiscations, penalties, and lawsuits arising from its books on the Algerian war (especially the murders and acts of torture by the army and police). And I begin with this preamble in order to prevent giving a black total impression which any report of cases of censorship inevitably does.

Again and again there were border-line cases where one asked oneself, after the event, whether the government had over-reached itself or had acted properly. Two examples, ten years apart. *1952*: The high point of Stalinist communism, with agit-prop calls to *la France* to violent demonstrations and political strikes. Associated with this are nasty campaigns of intimidation and incitement. A Paris theatre puts into its repertoire a play by the then communist Roger Vaillant, *Colonel Foster Pleads Guilty*, a piece about the Korean War, in which the Americans are the aggressors, and confess as much. There is also much talk about "germ warfare" (around which the Communist Party at that time built a great deal of propaganda, only to retreat from it all later). The Prefect of Police in Paris did not dare to ban the piece for its political bias; but some one at the Prefecture discovered that the theatre was not safe from fire, and delayed the performance. When the curtain finally went up, disturbances occurred which did not seem exactly spontaneous and which made a ban possible "for the protection of public order." The way in which the play "failed" was thus something less than elegant; clearly the government officials themselves acted with rather a bad conscience. In those same months, Communist mayors had several time prohibited performances of the film based on Jean-Paul Sartre's *Les Mains Sales* (and also several other films) in their towns; what the C.P. was really demanding was not "freedom of opinion" but their own monopoly.

1962: the radical right-wing pamphleteer and essayist Alfred Fabre-Luce (whom first the Germans, then the French imprisoned at the end of the war because of his independent *Diaries*) publishes a new book, *Haute Cour*, a fictional indictment for high treason against General de Gaulle, the betrayer of *l'Algérie Française*. At a time when attempts were being made on the President's life and civil peace was endangered by O.A.S. terrorism, such a book could conceivably have been considered a danger. Nevertheless, the left-of-centre papers, too, protested against the ban which was certainly inept and gave the book more attention than it deserved. More than that, it was a confiscation without subsequent prosecution, *i.e.* a purely administrative and arbitrary one.* The suppression of freedom of opinion has thus from time to time, been clumsily effected, with conspicuously bad conscience (even in cases in which it would seem to unprejudiced observers entirely possible to put forward some kind of reasonable justification).

From Vaillant to Fabre-Luce: the Left-to-Right reversal of the Government's target was particularly obvious during the Algerian war. At first—and, on the whole, more during the last years of the Fourth Republic than under de Gaulle—left-wing papers like *l'Express* and *France-Observateur* (opponents of the Algerian war) were frequently confiscated; after the peace-treaty of Evian, however, only papers of the extreme right, like *Rivarol*, were endangered.

AS A WHOLE, I don't think it can be said that political discussion in France seriously suffered as a result of such individual interventions of censorship. On the contrary. Each censorship scandal received the greatest publicity and the censors for the most part achieved the opposite of what they intended. Henri Alleg's book on his tortures, *La Question*, was confiscated, but the text then reappeared as "a document" and was reprinted several times. A second report on methods of torture in Paris jails, *La Gangrene*,

* *Arguments have just been heard in Paris' Criminal Court, the Prosecutor having asked for the final suppression of the book and destruction of all copies. (An English translation was published by Methuen in London under the title "The Trial of Charles De Gaulle."*

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was labelled "a vulgar tissue of lies" in the Senate by Michel Debré (at that time not yet Prime Minister); but the confiscation was cancelled, and it was later quietly admitted that *La Gangrene* had been a reasonably accurate report.

Should the publication of "everything" be allowed in times of national danger and emergency? In France the reply has been "almost everything." Thus, after the execution of Bastien-Thiry (he had organised the attempt to murder de Gaulle), the periodical *Esprit Public*, which had been a firm supporter of the O.A.S., dedicated a special issue featuring many well-known right-wing authors in honour of this would-be assassin; and I saw it conspicuously exhibited at many Paris newspaper-kiosks.

THE THREAT TO books and periodicals from the various laws concerning "morality" and "the protection of youth," is at present greater than that from partisan politics. Jérôme Lindon told me how the printers had refused to set up a Samuel Beckett novel for fear of prosecution for "immorality." How curious it is that to-day France should be more puritanical than England and the U.S.A. The Paris publishers Pauvert and Girodias especially have been prosecuted because of pornographic works. A celebrated case (it is still running through a series of appeals) concerned the book, *Eros*, by the little-read but nevertheless highly regarded and rather difficult thinker, Georges Bataille. The book-dealer Maspero was prosecuted—because the book was visible behind a glass wall! Any suspicion of a "pornographic intention" here was decidedly far-fetched.

But who is competent to judge? The Ministry of the Interior has the right to "confiscate and to destroy" books of every kind that might be "a danger to youth" (even if they are not specifically addressed to young readers); and there is also no independent group of experts who can be summoned to form an opinion (as in England's so-called Jenkins Law, which governed the Chatterley Trial), no more than there is any appeal against purely administrative decisions. A law for the protection of youth of 1949 forbids that writings in which "banditry, lying, theft, sloth, cowardice, hate, depravity are shown in a favourable light" be made accessible to the young. This, as Maître Maurice Garçon (Pauvert's lawyer) said, would even enable the Arsène Lupin thrillers to be banned. This law was, however, made even more severe under de Gaulle in December, 1958, by a supplementary decree; it now applies to publications of any nature whatever (in other words, also to those that are not meant especially for the young). How arbitrary can one get?

So at the moment literary freedom in France is really a matter of state tolerance—the authorities being, for one reason or another, afraid of ridicule—but it is not a matter of clear right. There are no qualified independent counsels, no appeal before a court of law. In principle, this can be traced back a century to the time when Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* was prosecuted for "lewdness"; only then it was within the competence of the court for a lawsuit to be brought (which the prosecution lost). Could it be that our grandfathers were more liberal? To-day the decree of 1958 legalises almost every arbitrary whim. Publishers who have been sued three times because of their books must submit their further publications (not the manuscripts, but the printed volumes!) to the Ministry of the Interior. They then wait for approval, which can be withheld with no obligation on the part of the authorities to show cause and with no opportunity for appeal.

Curious that things should be so different in the cinema. Here, quite on the contrary, the attitude on moral questions is on the whole very generous, and the attitude towards politically inflammable issues very narrow, so that hardly one really pertinent and fundamental subject can be dealt with in the cinema. Not even a social one: not about Algerian workers in France, nor about housing conditions, indeed as far back as the days of the Dreyfus affair and Maupassant's *Bel Ami* hardly a film on a controversial subject has ever been shot in France. Some recent films have been held back for years *e.g.*, Claude Autant-Lara's *Thou Shalt Not Kill*, Jean-Luc Godard's *The Little Soldier*. Other films were mutilated, like Alain Resnais' *Statues Die, Too*. Here the list would be very long. Quality films need subsidies and this exposes them to all kinds of pressure from above, of which censorship is only a part. I doubt whether the censors alone carry the blame for the frequently lamented lack of "boldness" on the part of the producers. At any rate, an unhappy situation.

IN BROADCASTING AND television, censorship again is only a small part of the great ensemble of instruments of influence and control by the Government (and also by the U.N.R. as the Government party). The R.T.F. (*Radiodiffusion et Télévision Françaises*) lacks a statute that effectively guarantees its independence. At times this, of course, can be disagreeable for the Government itself, for, whatever happens to be broadcast, it is taken to be responsible. Thus a Syrian *démarche* to the Quai d'Orsay was enough to suppress, literally at the last minute, an eye-witness account of Nasserism; on other occasions, an interview with Khrushchev about

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Stalingrad and a television film called *Dying in Madrid* were withdrawn. Such direct intervention—combined with the disciplinary punishment of producers—has aroused widespread public attention, and the consequences have been negative for both the Government and the reputation of the R.T.F.

Even worse, I think, are the cases of direct influence through television. I refer to sham interviews with ministers, with previously arranged questions, and answers which always completely satisfy the interviewer.... I feel sure the French viewer notices what is being staged for him, but it is a disagreeable piece of theatre every time. In broadcasting, it has actually been established that the so-called "peripheral transmitters," like *Europa I*, Radio Luxembourg, Monte Carlo (which are not—or at least not so visibly—subject to governmental influence), have many more listeners, especially for their political news bulletins and commentaries.

The R.T.F. is often, or at least sometimes, better than its reputation; but as long as there are important officials there like the chief television producer, André Gérard, who wrote recently in a newspaper: "Whoever is against the Government stands outside the nation," as long as the promised statute making the R.T.F. a public corporation is not concluded and its budget is not independent, there will be *malaise*. Is the Government entitled to complain that France's broadcasting network and television system does not enjoy the reputation of "impartiality," and "objectivity"? The television journalists are not at all happy about this reputation and about this way of performing their duties—believe me, one can read it in their faces.

François Bondy

"Are We Really All Keynesians Now?"

By Roy Harrod

YOUR December issue carried a most impressive article by Mr. Robert Lekachman on the relation of the ideas of the late Lord Keynes to current problems. He provided a scholarly and just appreciation of various strands in Keynes' thought. He showed how some of his theories have been assimilated into the thinking even of what one might regard as conservative elements on both sides of the Atlantic; he touched also on Keynes' more radical side. I have nothing to quarrel with in Mr. Lekachman's fine study. Indeed one might hold that on his broad theme he has said the last word.

None the less, on this opportunity of carrying the discussion forward, I feel inclined to strike a more provocative note, and to urge that, quite apart from Keynes' more radical themes, his central doctrines have not been so thoroughly assimilated as might at first appear. Further to this, I would say that there is an essential element in Keynes' attitude, which is over and above the aforementioned "central doctrines," and over and above also the more radical ideas with which he sometimes dabbled. One cannot think of Keynes without thinking of his burning zeal to get things moving for human betterment. One should regard this not only as a personal characteristic which he happened to have, but also as an essential ingredient of his attitude to economic affairs. There are some economists, or politicians versed in economics, who are content with a slow approach that may bring things to a happy conclusion "when we are all dead." As successive problems arose, Keynes believed that they could be tackled quickly and promptly, even if this meant some departure from orthodox principles, and dismissed the vague forebodings of those who felt that any such departure would entail undefined evils later on. One might describe his attitude by saying that he was the exact opposite of what is called a "stick-in-the-mud."

Looking at the matter from this point of view, one might regard the Administrations of Britain and the United States as rather decidedly un-Keynesian.

IN HIS LATER PERIOD, that is after his thought ceased to be mainly directed to the problem of the German Reparations and the immediate post-war reconstruction of Europe, his principal desire was that measures should be taken to conquer unemployment. He felt outraged by current acquiescence in so much human suffering

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as was represented by the high unemployment figures. That evil has been largely remedied since the war, not so much by the application of specific Keynesian recipes, as by the underlying economic forces of the period; but there has recently been an unsatisfactorily high level of unemployment in the United States.

Many economists who would claim to have drawn their inspiration from Keynes have in the post-war period come to substitute the target of full growth for that of full employment, since the latter has been largely, although not entirely, fulfilled. On a narrow view the new target may not have the same emotional appeal as that of full employment; we cannot point to the manifest suffering of those who seek work, but cannot get it. On a wider view and by applying imagination, one should surely hold that the failure to achieve the full growth potential of an economy, thereby losing, year by year, a growing amount of wealth that could be produced, is a crying evil. Certainly in Britain there are many lives that could be greatly ameliorated, if only the country could afford it, which simply means, if only our output of goods and services were higher than it is; and if at any time people began to think that we had reached a level of production that sufficiently satisfied our needs, there is a great wide world of suffering humanity, of vast populations in horrible poverty, whose lot could be directly benefited, if only the United States and Britain raised their level of production to its true potential. I have no doubt at all that Keynes himself, were he alive, would feel this strongly, and would be an ardent apostle of growth policies.

I SHOULD NOW LIKE to turn to certain specific points in Keynes' theory and consider whether they are influencing policy as much as is sometimes claimed. What exactly do members of the Establishment, if one may be allowed to use that convenient description, mean when they say *"We are all Keynesians now"*? One thing that we have, partly owing to his influence when in the Treasury, is our compendium of national income statistics; and due to him also is the idea that they can be used as tools in the shaping of correct policy. Also Keynesian is the idea, which we must allow to be widely accepted *in principle,* that specific monetary and fiscal policies are required to iron out the trade cycle and maintain economic growth. Outside narrow circles it is generally agreed that we should not get satisfactory results by having complete *laissez faire* with an automatically working gold standard, public expenditure held to a minimum and the Budget balanced exactly, neither more nor less.

Let us first consider monetary policy. For a considerable time now we have had high rates of interest in this country and in the United States. The yield on consols in the summer quarter of 1963 was 5·4 per cent, no less than 74 per cent above its average level (3·1 per cent) in the 4 years before the war. In the United States the yield on 3–5 year U.S. bonds was 3·57 in 1962 as against 1·16 in the 4 years before the war.

Now here are two economies, which in recent years have been running well below capacity, with interest rates much higher than they were before the war. If our authorities had any spirit of Keynes in them, surely they would have a policy of lower interest rates, in order to reactivate the economy.

Keynes always attached the utmost importance to low interest rates; he never ceased to preach them. How can members of the Establishment claim "We are all Keynesians now," when they acquiesce in these high interest rates, despite under-employment in their economies? They are being completely anti-Keynesian in regard to the matter that he held to be of the greatest importance of all.

There were perhaps moments when he thought that interest might eventually have to disappear altogether; Mr. Lekachman, in his article, referred to the "euthanasia of the rentier." In later years he retreated, anyhow in conversation, from this very extreme view; but he did not retreat from the view that interest rates should be kept low. It is sometimes said that this view does not apply now owing to the higher level of investment requirements relatively to personal savings. By this we must of course mean "effective" investment requirements, and not merely all that we should ideally like to do for developing countries, if only all other conditions were favourable. There is no doubt that in the immediate post-war period investment requirements were far higher relatively to personal saving than before the war, and there was therefore a case, if one was to rely heavily on monetary policy, for having high interest rates *then*. Actually the governments both of Britain and of the United States decided to pursue an opposite course for reasons which I need not elaborate here.

Since that time personal saving has risen strongly relatively to investment requirements. According to the national income statistics, as I have been able to interpret them, personal saving has been higher in the last few years in Britain relatively to investment requirements than it was before the war, and personal and governmental saving together much higher; and, as I make out, personal saving has also been higher in the United States. Of course company saving has been correspondingly lower; but if

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one adds company saving to personal and governmental saving, the three together must always be equal to investment, so that this relation affords no criterion whether interest rates should be higher or lower. The lower level of company savings in Britain, which is associated with the squeeze on profits, has been due precisely to the fact that personal and governmental savings have been so high relatively to investment requirements. What a very un-Keynesian act of policy it was for the British Chancellor of the Exchequer to take measures for stepping up governmental saving in 1961 at a time when personal saving had just been having a great upsurge.

It has in recent years been a favourite coffee-house theme among members of the Establishment that we have to put up with these high interest rates because investment requirements are so large. It remains, I fear, a characteristic of the British to acquiesce in general propositions of this sort without requiring evidence. We tend to take things as fact, simply because we hear them repeated often; they become profound beliefs, things that everyone knows perfectly well; and some get into such a state of mind that, even when presented with contrary statistics, they affirm that the statistics must be wrong! All this is extremely un-Keynesian; he always insisted that general statements of this sort should be checked, whenever possible, by some reference to the facts.

It can be argued—but this is quite a different point—that if we established a higher growth rate, with the consequence of much higher investment requirements than we now have, the ratio of investment requirements to saving might rise above the pre-war level and thereby justify somewhat higher interest rates than we had before the war. This can only be tested by experiment. We must first get the interest rates down somewhat, so as to promote higher growth, and see how things go. It may be that the optimum level would prove to be something between the pre-war level and what we have now.

There are some, but I believe only a minority even in the Establishment, who hold that the existing level of interest rates is governed by the interplay of supply and demand for capital disposal, and that it would be impossible for the authorities to get them down. That would be an extreme anti-Keynesian position. One does not have to look far to discover why existing interest rates are so high—the great reduction in the money supply relatively to the work that it has to do, *i.e.* to circulate the national income. It was a central doctrine of Keynes that the level of the interest rates depends upon the relation of the size of the money supply to the requirements for the use of money. This doctrine has been fulfilled in a most remarkable manner by the ups and downs of British experience since before the war.

I NOW TURN to fiscal policy. I think it is fair to say that, taking the whole inter-war period, Keynes laid greater stress on monetary policy than on what we now call fiscal policy. But he came to increase the emphasis he gave to fiscal policy, and of course especially after 1932 when a policy of ultra ease in the monetary field proved insufficient to restore full employment. In this connection fiscal policy means, to put it quite bluntly, a budget deficit. Of course, when we were suffering from excess demand in the post-war period, Keynesian doctrine pointed to the need for budget surpluses, and we had British Chancellors, both under the Labour and Conservative administrations, who were good Keynesians in this sense. But the days of excess demand are now long since past.

To accept the principle of surpluses to combat inflation while rejecting that of deficits to combat deflation is to be very un-Keynesian, since he thought that, on the long haul, deflation threatened to be the greater evil. The U.S. and Britain have lately experienced over considerable periods inadequate growth rates and slackness in the economy. If a fiscal remedy is to be applied, that means a budget deficit. Furthermore, by Keynesian thinking, the general economic situation may be such that we shall need budget deficits on the average taking good years and bad years together.

This is not a doctrine, I believe, accepted by the U.S. Congress. I am not sure that it is even accepted by the Democratic Administration, which still seems to hanker after the idea, according anyhow to some spokesmen, that deficits in some years should be off-set by surpluses in others.

What of the British? We have had fairly consistent, and sometimes large, surpluses "above the line." These are surpluses in the Keynesian sense. Expenditures below the line have nothing to do with the case, since these are mainly for capital purposes which should normally be met by borrowing—although not, of course, in years when it is needful to reduce the pressure of demand. If we are to apply a fiscal stimulus, we must have an above-the-line deficit. Actually a very small one (£90 million) has been budgeted for in this year of "expansion." (All years should be years of expansion.) The out-turn to date, however, makes it appear doubtful whether this deficit will be realised; we are more likely to have another surplus.

Contemporary Oxford philosophers hold that much of deep import may be learnt from the

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twists and turns of ordinary speech. While I hold that their claims are much exaggerated, there is doubtless something in them. The persistent tendency for a number of years now to refer to an "overall deficit," meaning the amount of money that the government has to borrow, taking above-the-line and below-the-line items together, may indicate a deeply anti-Keynesian turn of mind, whether in the Treasury or among economic journalists. The word "deficit" should be confined to the above-the-line out-turn. A company does not refer to money that it has to borrow for capital development as a "deficit"; the government should not do so either.

And now we are presented with *A Reform of the Exchequer Accounts** in which in the most prominent table (Appendix A) current and capital items are lumped together, the "line" being abolished, and in which the final outcome that will strike the reader's eye is "net financing requirement," which he will be immediately inclined to translate into the shorter word "deficit." It is true that the old "line" did not show a scientifically accurate division between current and capital, and that a later table is given in the proposed new form of accounts (Appendix C), which attempts to provide such a scientific division. But those keen on overcoming the tendency of the public mind to deplore deficits would be most reluctant to agree to a reform where the "eye-catcher" was an enlarged apparent deficit. It would be probably stretching the doctrine of the Oxford philosophers too far to suggest that this reform showed an anti-Keynesian bias; but one can say that a keen Keynesian would never have put it forward since he would have been too nervous about its psychological impact.

I NOW COME to a very serious matter. Over a long period one of Keynes's most insistent themes was that we must not allow a full employment policy (*alias* growth policy) to be impeded by balance-of-payments considerations. For certain periods, although not all the time, he held that balance-of-payments obstacles to a full employment policy might be overcome by having a flexible exchange rate. In the 'thirties he became convinced that we should also require a measure of protection. We must learn to be content with the "homespun." In his last phase he became convinced that we should move towards a less protectionist system—*on certain conditions*.

I would stress that these apparently changing attitudes did not reflect any change at all in his fundamental thinking. From very early days he was undeviating in his conviction that full employment must be put first and rules of conduct relating to the external balance second. In the 'twenties he thought that we might get sufficient elbow room for a full employment policy by imposing more severe restrictions on the outflow of capital. Thus Mr. Kennedy's Interest Equalisation Tax is decidedly Keynesian. Later he feared that this would not be enough and held that we ought to put full employment first and Free Trade second and, when he apparently went back on this view in the final stage, it was because he hoped that the Bretton Woods arrangements and other measures to secure an expansionist post-war world would enable Britain *both* to pursue a full employment policy *and* to participate in moves towards greater freedom of trade. This did not mean that he deviated at all from his doctrine that full employment comes first. I repeat that for full employment we must now substitute growth in accordance with the maximum potential.

But what is the actual British position? I do not think that it can be denied that in recent years the British authorities have been willing to acquiesce in going slow on a growth policy, in order to enable the country to slither through without putting on import restrictions. That is most violently anti-Keynesian. It is true that in the last few days the new Prime Minister has spoken strongly in favour of continuing the policy of expansion; but can a Prime Minister single-handed overcome the pressures of the Establishment, reinforced now by pressures coming from the world fraternity of central bankers and others who meet for the purposes of international co-operation? We cannot yet have full confidence that this country will pursue the Keynesian policy of putting growth first and conformity to the corpus of international doctrines second. Of course it is good to have the greatest possible amount of international free trade, and Keynes was fully alive to its virtues. But the price may be too high.

AND NOW WE COME to a last point of no little importance. Keynes's final adhesion to the idea that we must all work towards reducing restrictions to trade was dependent on the condition that there should be a sufficient increase of international liquidity, *i.e.* of the media of reserves for international settlement. At the International Economic Conference held in London in 1933, where pious resolutions were passed about reducing restrictions, Keynes wrote a pamphlet to the effect that a move in this direction must have as a prior condition an

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increase of international liquidity and he proposed the issue of international gold notes. The idea is that if a full employment policy causes a deterioration in a country's balance of payments, it shall have enough reserves to enable it to refrain from imposing import restrictions, or other obstacles to international dealings, while it goes boldly forward with its full employment policy.

Again at Bretton Woods he had the same idea. Seeing the full force of the American argument in favour of dismantling restrictions and discriminations, he again held that British agreement to this must be conditional on a large increase of international liquidity, compared with the pre-war situation. Hence his bold plan for a "Clearing Union." When the International Monetary Fund was agreed upon, although he was disappointed that the increase in liquidity was less than in his own plan and without the potentiality that his had for further expansion, he none the less felt, after heart-searching, that the increase was sufficient to meet the need, and that he could thereby put his authority behind the plan as sufficient to justify a real drive towards greater freedom of international trade.

Little did he think, nor I believe anyone else at Bretton Woods, that in fact the quantum of international means of payment would soon fall far below the pre-war level, even if we include the "drawing rights" on the International Monetary Fund, owing to the failure of the Americans to raise the price of gold in line with its loss of value in goods. At present the ratio of the total value of international reserves to the total value of international trade has fallen to something in the neighbourhood of half what it was before the war. Keynes wanted more international liquidity as an absolutely necessary pre-condition for proceeding towards greater freedom of trade; instead we have little more than half.

WHAT IS ANYONE DOING about this? Where are those people who say that "We are all Keynesians now?" This matter is at the very heart of the question of the viability and progress of the free world.

It is true that we at present have two groups, one in the I.M.F. and one in the "Paris Club," studying proposals, which it is hoped that they will put forward in Tokyo in 1964. But does anyone seriously suppose that these groups will propose ways of raising the quantum of international liquidity above its pre-war level? They are more likely to propose a few extra driblets. The official position appears still to be that there is no shortage of liquidity now, but only that one might arise some years hence, and even this is put forward as a bare possibility, rather than a certainty. Of course, there are ways of increasing liquidity, perhaps more rational ways, other than by raising the price of gold. But is it likely that we shall get acceptance for these more rational ways on a really adequate scale?

So where are the Keynesians? Where is his influence? On four questions which he deemed most important and central we have at best very halting progress and in many spheres a strongly anti-Keynesian bias.

1. He thought low rates of interest vitally important to secure sufficient investment and progress. We have high interest rates. (This is also bound up with 3 and 4, since the high interest rates are deemed necessary by some countries to protect their balances of payments.)
2. He thought that low interest rates might often have to be supplemented by recurrent budget deficits. Are the authorities truly converted to this either in the U.S. or Britain?
3. He thought that full employment (alias growth) should be pursued whatever the condition of the balance of payments, and that an imbalance must be cured in some way other than internal deflation. The authorities both in the U.S. and Britain seem to have taken the opposite view.
4. He thought an increase in the quantum of international liquidity of supreme importance. Actually it has been reduced to a degree that few would have believed possible, and no one seems prepared to take adequate measures to rectify the situation.

It does not appear from all this that there is any very marked Keynesian influence on the conduct of economic policy in the two countries.

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"Eichmann in Jerusalem"

An Exchange of Letters between GERSHOM SCHOLEM *and* HANNAH ARENDT

Jerusalem, June 23, 1963

DEAR HANNAH,

Six weeks have passed since I received your book on the Eichmann trial; and, if I write belatedly, it is because only now do I have the leisure to devote myself to a proper study of it. I have not, let me say, gone into the question of the factual and historical authenticity of the various statements you make. To judge by your treatment of those aspects of the problem with which I happen to be familiar, however, I fear that your book is not free of error and distortion. Still, I have no doubt that the question of the book's factual authenticity will be taken up by other critics—of whom there will be many—and it is not in any case central to the critique I wish to offer here.

Your book moves between two poles: the Jews and their bearing in the days of catastrophe, and the responsibility of Adolf Eichmann. I have devoted, as you know, a good part of my time to a consideration of the case of the Jews, and I have studied a not insignificant volume of material on the subject. I am well aware, in common with every other spectator of the events, how complex and serious, how little reducible or transparent, the whole problem is. I am aware that there are aspects of Jewish history (and for more than forty years I have concerned myself with little else) which are beyond our comprehension; on the one hand, a devotion to the things of this world that is near-demonic; on the other, a fundamental uncertainty of orientation in this world—an uncertainty which must be contrasted with that certainty of the believer concerning which, alas, your book has so little to report. There has been weakness, too, though weakness so entwined with heroism that it is not easily unravelled; wretchedness and power-lust are also to be found there. But these things have always existed, and it would be remarkable indeed if, in the days of catastrophe, they were not to make their appearance once again. Thus it was in the year 1391, at the beginning of that generation of catastrophe; and so it has been in our own time. The discussion of these matters is, I believe, both legitimate and unavoidable—although I do not believe that our generation is in a position to pass any kind of historical judgment. We lack the necessary perspective, which alone makes some sort of objectivity possible—and we cannot but lack it.

Nevertheless, we cannot put these questions aside. There is the question thrown at us by the new youth of Israel: why did they allow themselves to be slaughtered? As a question, it seems to me to have a profound justification; and I see no readily formulated answer to it. At each decisive juncture, however, your book speaks only of the *weakness* of the Jewish stance in the world. I am ready enough to admit that weakness; but you put such emphasis upon it that, in my view, your account ceases to be objective and acquires overtones of malice. The problem, I have admitted, is real enough. Why, then, should your book leave one with so strong a sensation of bitterness and shame—not for the compilation, but for the compiler? How is it that your version of the events so often seems to come between us and the events—events which you rightly urge upon our attention? In so far as I have an answer, it is one which, precisely out of my deep respect for you, I dare not suppress; and it is an answer that goes to the root of our disagreement. It is that heartless, frequently almost sneering and malicious tone with which these matters, touching the very quick of our life, are treated in your book to which I take exception.

In the Jewish tradition there is a concept, hard to define and yet concrete enough, which we know as *Ahabath Israel*: "Love of the Jewish people. . . ." In you, dear Hannah, as in so many intellectuals who came from the German Left, I find little trace of this. A discussion such as is attempted in your book would seem to me to require—you will forgive my mode of expression—the most old-fashioned, the most circumspect, the most exacting treatment possible—pre-

GERSHOM SCHOLEM *is a world-famous scholar who is Professor at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. His book on "Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism" was published here (by Thames and Hudson) several years ago.* HANNAH ARENDT'S *books include her study of the "origins of totalitarianism" called "The Burden of Our Times" (Secker & Warburg), "The Human Condition," and "On Revolution."*

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cisely because of the feelings aroused by this matter, this matter of the destruction of one-third of our people—and I regard you wholly as a daughter of our people, and in no other way. Thus I have little sympathy with that tone—well expressed by the English word "flippancy"—which you employ so often in the course of your book. To the matter of which you speak it is unimaginably inappropriate. In circumstances such as these, would there not have been a place for what I can only describe with that modest German word—*"Herzenstakt"*? You may laugh at the word; although I hope you do not, for I mean it seriously. Of the many examples I came upon in your book—and came upon not without pain—none expresses better what I mean than your quotation (taken over without comment from a Nazi source!) about the traffic with the armbands with the Star of David in the Warsaw Ghetto, or the sentence about Leo Baeck "who in the eyes of both Jews and Gentiles was the 'Jewish *Führer*.'..." The use of the Nazi term in this context is sufficiently revealing. You do not speak, say, of the "Jewish leader," which would have been both apt and free of the German word's horrific connotation—you say precisely the thing that is most false and most insulting. For nobody of whom I have heard or read was Leo Baeck—whom we both knew—ever a *"Führer"* in the sense which you here insinuate to the reader. I too have read Adler's book about Theresienstadt. It is a book about which a great many things could be said. But it was not my impression that the author—who speaks of some people, of whom I have heard quite different accounts, with considerable harshness—it was not my impression that Adler ever spoke of Baeck in this fashion, either directly or indirectly. Certainly, the record of our people's suffering is burdened with a number of questionable figures who deserve, or have received, their just punishment: how could it have been otherwise in a tragedy on so terrible a scale? To speak of all this, however, in so wholly inappropriate a tone—to the benefit of those Germans in condemning whom your book rises to greater eloquence than in mourning the fate of your own people—this is not the way to approach the scene of that tragedy.

In your treatment of the problem of how the Jews reacted to these extreme circumstances—to which neither of us was exposed—I detect, often enough, in place of balanced judgment, a kind of demogagic will-to-overstatement. Which of us can say to-day what decisions the elders of the Jews—or whatever we choose to call them—ought to have arrived at in the circumstances? I have not read less than you have about these matters, and I am still not certain; but your analysis does not give me confidence that your certainty is better founded than my uncertainty. There were the *Judenräte*, for example; some among them were swine, others were saints. I have read a great deal about both varieties. There were among them also many people in no way different from ourselves, who were compelled to make terrible decisions in circumstances that we cannot even begin to reproduce or reconstruct. I do not know whether they were right or wrong. Nor do I presume to judge. I was not there.

Certainly, there were people in Theresienstadt—as every former inmate can confirm—whose conduct is deserving of the severest judgment. But in case after case we find that the individual verdict varies. Why was Paul Eppstein, one of these "questionable figures," shot by the Nazis, for example? You give no reason. Yet the reason is clear enough: he had done precisely that which according to you he could afford to do without serious danger—he told people in Theresienstadt what awaited them at Auschwitz. Yet he was shot twenty-four hours later.

Nevertheless, your thesis that these machinations of the Nazis served in some way to blur the distinction between torturer and victim—a thesis which you employ to belabour the prosecution in the Eichmann trial—seems to me wholly false and tendentious. In the camps, human beings were systematically degraded; they were, as you say, compelled to participate in their own extermination, and to assist in the execution of fellow-prisoners. Is the distinction between torturer and victim thereby blurred? What perversity! We are asked, it appears, to confess that the Jews too had their "share" in these acts of genocide. That is a typical *quaternio terminorum*.

Recently, I have been reading about a book, written during the days of catastrophe in full consciousness of what lay ahead, by Rabbi Moses Chaim Lau of Piotrkov. This Rabbi attempted to define as precisely as possible what was the duty of the Jew in such extremities. Much that I read on this moving and terrible book—and it does not stand alone—is congruent with your general thesis (though not with your tone). But nowhere in your book do you make plain how many Jews there were who acted as they did in full consciousness of what awaited them. The Rabbi in question went with his flock to Treblinka—although he had previously called on them to run away, and his flock had called on him to do likewise. The heroism of the Jews was not always the heroism of the warrior; nor have we always been ashamed of that fact. I cannot refute those who say that the Jews deserved their fate,

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because they did not earlier take steps to defend themselves, because they were cowardly, etc. I came across this argument only recently in a book by that honest Jewish anti-semite, Kurt Tucholsky. I cannot express myself, of course, with Kurt Tucholsky's eloquence, but I cannot deny that he was right: if all the Jews had run away—in particular, to Palestine—more Jews would have remained alive. Whether, in view of the special circumstances of Jewish history and Jewish life, that would have been possible, and whether it implies a historical share of guilt in Hitler's crime, is another question.

I SHALL SAY NOTHING concerning that other central question of your book: the guilt, or the degree of guilt, of Adolf Eichmann. I have read both the text of the judgment delivered by the Court, and the version you substituted for it in your book. I find that of the Court rather more convincing. Your judgment appears to me to be based on a prodigious *non sequitur*. Your argument would apply equally to those hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of human beings, to whom your final sentence is relevant. It is the final sentence that contains the reason why Eichmann ought to be hanged, for in the remainder of the text you argue in detail your view—which I do not share—that the prosecution did not succeed in proving what it had set out to prove. As far as that goes, I may mention that, in addition to putting my name to a letter to the President of Israel pleading for the execution not to be carried out, I set out in a Hebrew essay why I held the execution of the sentence —which Eichmann had in every sense, including that of the prosecution, deserved—to be historically wrong, precisely because of our historical relationship with the German people. I shall not argue the case again here. I wish to say only that your description of Eichmann as a "convert to Zionism" could only come from somebody who had a profound dislike of everything to do with Zionism. These passages in your book I find quite impossible to take seriously. They amount to a mockery of Zionism; and I am forced to the conclusion that this was, indeed, your intention. Let us not pursue the point.

After reading your book I remain unconvinced by your thesis concerning the "banality of evil"—a thesis which, if your sub-title is to be believed, underlies your entire argument. This new thesis strikes me as a catchword: it does not impress me, certainly, as the product of profound analysis—an analysis such as you gave us so convincingly, in the service of a quite different, indeed contradictory thesis, in your book on totalitarianism. At that time you had not yet made your discovery, apparently, that evil is banal. Of that "radical evil," to which your then analysis bore such eloquent and erudite witness, nothing remains but this slogan —to be more than that it would have to be investigated, at a serious level, as a relevant concept in moral philosophy or political ethics. I am sorry—and I say this, I think, in candour and in no spirit of enmity—that I am unable to take the thesis of your book more seriously. I had expected, with your earlier book in mind, something different.

Gershom Scholem

New York City, July 24, 1963

DEAR GERHARD,

I found your letter when I got back home a week ago. You know what it's like when one has been away for five months. I'm writing now in the first quiet moment I have; hence my reply may not be as elaborate as perhaps it should be.

There are certain statements in your letter which are not open to controversy, because they are simply false. Let me deal with them first so that we can proceed to matters which merit discussion.

I am not one of the "intellectuals who come from the German Left." You could not have known this, since we did not know each other when we were young. It is a fact of which I am in no way particularly proud and which I am somewhat reluctant to emphasise—especially since the McCarthy era in this country. I came late to an understanding of Marx's importance because I was interested neither in history nor in politics when I was young. If I can be said to "have come from anywhere," it is from the tradition of German philosophy.

As to another statement of yours, I am unfortunately not able to say that you could not have known the facts. I found it puzzling that you should write "I regard you wholly as a daughter of our people, and in no other way." The truth is I have never pretended to be anything else or to be in any way other than I am, and I have never even felt tempted in that direction. It would have been like saying that I was a man and not a woman—that is to say, kind of insane. I know, of course, that there is a "Jewish problem" even on this level, but it has never been my problem—not even in my childhood. I have always regarded my Jewishness as one of the indisputable factual data of my life, and I have never had the wish to change or disclaim facts of this kind. There is such a thing as a basic gratitude for everything

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that is as it is; for what has been *given* and was not, could not be, *made*; for things that are *physei* and not *nomō*. To be sure, such an attitude is pre-political, but in exceptional circumstances—such as the circumstances of Jewish politics—it is bound to have also political consequences though, as it were, in a negative way. This attitude makes certain types of behaviour impossible—indeed precisely those which you chose to read into my considerations. (To give another example: In his obituary of Kurt Blumenfeld, Ben Gurion expressed his regret that Blumenfeld had not seen fit to change his name when he came to live in Israel. Isn't it obvious that Blumenfeld did not do so for exactly the same reasons that had led him in his youth to become a Zionist?) My stand in these matters must surely have been known to you, and it is incomprehensible to me why you should wish to stick a label on me which never fitted in the past and does not fit now.

To come to the point: let me begin, going on from what I have just stated, with what you call "love of the Jewish people" or *Ahabath Israel*. (Incidentally, I would be very grateful if you could tell me since when this concept has played a role in Judaism, when it was first used in Hebrew language and literature, etc.) You are quite right—I am not moved by any "love" of this sort, and for two reasons: I have never in my life "loved" any people or collective—neither the German people, nor the French, nor the American, nor the working class or anything of that sort. I indeed love "only" my friends and the only kind of love I know of and believe in is the love of persons. Secondly, this "love of the Jews" would appear to me, since I am myself Jewish, as something rather suspect. I cannot love myself or anything which I know is part and parcel of my own person. To clarify this, let me tell you of a conversation I had in Israel with a prominent political personality who was defending the—in my opinion disastrous—non-separation of religion and state in Israel. What he said—I am not sure of the exact words any more—ran something like this: "You will understand that, as a Socialist, I, of course, do not believe in God; I believe in the Jewish people." I found this a shocking statement and, being too shocked, I did not reply at the time. But I could have answered: the greatness of this people was once that it believed in God, and believed in Him in such a way that its trust and love towards Him was greater than its fear. And now this people believes only in itself? What good can come out of that?—Well, in this sense I do not "love" the Jews, nor do I "believe" in them; I merely belong to them as a matter of course, beyond dispute or argument.

We could discuss the same issue in political terms; and we should then be driven to a consideration of patriotism. That there can be no patriotism without permanent opposition and criticism is no doubt common ground between us. But I can admit to you something beyond that, namely, that wrong done by my own people naturally grieves me more than wrong done by other peoples. This grief, however, in my opinion is not for display, even if it should be the innermost motive for certain actions or attitudes. Generally speaking, the role of the "heart" in politics seems to me altogether questionable. You know as well as I how often those who merely report certain unpleasant facts are accused of lack of soul, lack of heart, or lack of what you call *Herzenstakt*. We both know, in other words, how often these emotions are used in order to conceal factual truth. I cannot discuss here what happens when emotions are displayed in public and become a factor in political affairs; but it is an important subject, and I have attempted to describe the disastrous results in my book *On Revolution* in discussing the role of compassion in the formation of the revolutionary character.

It is a pity that you did not read the book before the present campaign of misrepresentation against it got under way from the side of the Jewish "establishment" in Israel and America. There are, unfortunately, very few people who are able to withstand the influence of such campaigns. It seems to me highly unlikely that without being influenced you could possibly have misunderstood certain statements. Public opinion, especially when it has been carefully manipulated, as in this case, is a very powerful thing. Thus, I never made Eichmann out to be a "Zionist." If you missed the irony of the sentence—which was plainly in *oratio obliqua*, reporting Eichmann's own words—I really can't help it. I can only assure you that none of dozens of readers who read the book before publication had ever any doubt about the matter. Further, I never asked why the Jews "let themselves be killed." On the contrary, I accused Hausner of having posed this question to witness after witness. There was no people and no group in Europe which reacted differently under the immediate pressure of terror. The question I raised was that of the cooperation of Jewish functionaries during the "Final Solution," and this question is so very uncomfortable because one cannot claim that they were traitors. (There were traitors too, but that is irrelevant.) In other words, until 1939 and even until 1941, whatever Jewish function-

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aries did or did not do is understandable and excusable. Only later does it become highly problematical. This issue came up during the trial, and it was of course my duty to report it. This constitutes our part of the so-called "unmastered past," and although you may be right that it is too early for a "balanced judgment" (though I doubt this), I do believe that we shall only come to terms with this past if we begin to judge and to be frank about it.

I have made my own position plain, and yet it is obvious that you did not understand it. I said that there was no possibility of resistance, but there existed the possibility of *doing nothing*. And in order to do nothing, one did not need to be a saint, one needed only to say: I am just a simple Jew, and I have no desire to play any other role. Whether these people or some of them, as you indicate, deserved to be hanged is an altogether different question. What needs to be discussed are not the people so much as the arguments with which they justified themselves in their own eyes and in those of others. Concerning these arguments we are entitled to pass judgment. Moreover, we should not forget that we are dealing here with conditions which were terrible and desperate enough, but which were not the conditions of concentration camps. These decisions were made in an atmosphere of terror but not under the immediate pressure and impact of terror. These are important differences in degree, which every student of totalitarianism must know and take into account. These people had still a certain, limited freedom of decision and of action. Just as the SS murderers also possessed, as we now know, a limited choice of alternatives. They could say: "I wish to be relieved of my murderous duties," and nothing happened to them. Since we are dealing in politics with men, and not with heroes or saints, it is this possibility of *"non-participation"* (Kirchheimer) that is decisive if we begin to judge, not the system, but the individual, his choices and his arguments.

AND THE EICHMANN TRIAL was concerned with an individual. In my report I have only spoken of things which came up during the trial itself. It is for this reason that I could not mention the "saints" about whom you speak. Instead I had to limit myself to the resistance fighters whose behaviour, as I said, was the more admirable because it occurred under circumstances in which resistance had really ceased to be possible. There were no saints among the witnesses for the prosecution, but there was one utterly pure human being, old Grynszpan, whose testimony I therefore reported at some length. On the German side, after all, one could also have mentioned more than the single case of Sergeant Schmidt. But since his was the only case mentioned in the trial, I had to restrict myself to it.

That the distinction between victims and persecutors was blurred in the concentration camps, deliberately and with calculation, is well known, and I as well as others have insisted on this aspect of totalitarian methods. But to repeat: this is not what I mean by a Jewish share in the guilt, or by the totality of the collapse of all standards. This was part of the system and had indeed nothing to do with the Jews.

How you could believe that my book was "a mockery of Zionism" would be a complete mystery to me, if I did not know that many people in Zionist circles have become incapable of listening to opinions or arguments which are off the beaten track and not consonant with their ideology. There are exceptions, and a Zionist friend of mine remarked in all innocence that the book, the last chapter in particular (recognition of the competence of the court, the justification of the kidnapping), was very pro-Israel—as indeed it is. What confuses you is that my arguments and my approach are different from what you are used to; in other words, the trouble is that I am independent. By this I mean, on the one hand, that I do not belong to any organisation and always speak only for myself, and on the other hand, that I have great confidence in Lessing's *selbstdenken* for which, I think, no ideology, no public opinion, and no "convictions" can ever be a substitute. Whatever objections you may have to the results, you won't understand them unless you realise that they are really my own and nobody else's.

I REGRET that you did not argue your case against the carrying out of the death sentence. For I believe that in discussing this question we might have made some progress in finding out where our most fundamental differences are located. You say that it was "historically false," and I feel very uncomfortable seeing the spectre of History raised in this context. In my opinion, it was *politically* and *juridically* (and the last is actually all that mattered) not only correct—it would have been utterly impossible not to have carried out the sentence. The only way of avoiding it would have been to accept Karl Jaspers' suggestion and to hand Eichmann over to the United Nations. Nobody wanted that, and it was probably not feasible; hence there was no alternative left but to hang him. Mercy was out of the question, not on juridical grounds—pardon is anyhow not a prerogative of the juridical system—but because mercy is applicable to the person rather than to the deed; the act of mercy does not forgive murder but pardons the murderer insofar as he, as a person,

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may be more than anything he ever did. This was not true of Eichmann. And to spare his life without pardoning him was impossible on juridical grounds.

In conclusion, let me come to the only matter where you have not misunderstood me, and where indeed I am glad that you have raised the point. You are quite right: I changed my mind and do no longer speak of "radical evil." It is a long time since we last met, or we would perhaps have spoken about the subject before. (Incidentally, I don't see why you call my term "banality of evil" a catchword or slogan. As far as I know no one has used the term before me; but that is unimportant.) It is indeed my opinion now that evil is never "radical," that it is only extreme, and that it possesses neither depth nor any demonic dimension. It can overgrow and lay waste the whole world precisely because it spreads like a fungus on the surface. It is "thought-defying," as I said, because thought tries to reach some depth, to go to the roots, and the moment it concerns itself with evil, it is frustrated because there is nothing. That is its "banality." Only the good has depth and can be radical. But this is not the place to go into these matters seriously; I intend to elaborate them further in a different context. Eichmann may very well remain the concrete model of what I have to say.

You propose to publish your letter and you ask if I have any objection. My advice would be not to recast the letter in the third person. The value of this controversy consists in its epistolary character, namely in the fact that it is informed by personal friendship. Hence, if you are prepared to publish my answer simultaneously with your letter, I have, of course, no objection.

Hannah Arendt

This Europe

"*No, My Lord . . .*" — *by* NORA BELOFF

NO, MY LORD, the bomb is not the way to unite Europe. This was my first reaction to Lord Gladwyn's proposal, advanced in these pages last month, for the creation of a *European Political and Military Authority*: "autonomous," as he said, "even in the nuclear sphere. . . ."

Since that article appeared we have had the tragic news of the murder of President Kennedy and a shudder of uncertainty about the whole future of the Western Alliance. Without any misplaced antagonism to the new American President, it is predictable that a man with Lyndon B. Johnson's background and education will have a less European turn of mind than his remarkably Anglicised Irish-Bostonian predecessor who filled his administration with Rhodes Scholars.

It is therefore more than ever tempting to argue that, in the post-Kennedy world, Europe, including Britain, must be less reliant on the United States. This may well reinforce the case, now being privately examined by political strategists in both parties, for providing the Europeans with a nuclear arsenal of our own.

Certainly those of us who agree on the need for reviving the hopeful post-war trend towards European unity, and who accept the truism that Britain is part of Europe, should examine Lord Gladwyn's suggestions with calm and care. Not only because, like everything he writes, they are put forward with cogency and wit, but also because his views reflect the general thinking of many of the best Europeans on both sides of the Channel. Jean Monnet and his friends have openly counselled a European deterrent as a sound way of re-launching the European unity movement. The idea found favour with many senior members of the Kennedy Administration, perhaps even with the late President himself. It was he who personally sponsored "the Grand Design"—the concept of an equal partnership between a United States of America and a United States of Europe, which might seem incompatible with an American nuclear monopoly.

The change at the White House would not invalidate Lord Gladwyn's view that the Americans are unlikely to be willing to subordinate decisions on when to use, or threaten to use, their strategic forces to a NATO executive. This leads him to the conclusion that, as you cannot have *either* a truly British *or* a truly NATO nuclear force, only a European one can avert what he calls "the system of an American Empire."

As he assumes that neither the British nor the French, even under left-wing governments,

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would abandon their deterrents, he insists that "some machine" should be established which will at least co-ordinate and possibly even amalgamate the two forces within the general framework of the Western alliance." This "machine" would be a European Political and Defence Authority which would control European defences and, working on the basis of an equal partnership with the United States, would fit the results into a NATO master plan.

Like most of his compatriots, Lord Gladwyn is sceptical of the American-sponsored, mixed manned nuclear navy as a way of solving the predicament of Atlantic solidarity. "Until the question of 'the button' is satisfactorily solved it cannot be said to be anything but a specialised projection of American power." He considers, on the other hand, that if "some day," it should be made available to his "E.P.D.A.," then "it might make real sense."

It would be useless to deny that Europeans resent the sense of dependence on American protection: the distrust of American leadership might indeed be enhanced by last month's tragedy. But this surely is an emotional reaction, and it seems unfortunate that Lord Gladwyn should lend his great authority to the view that, without some counterbalancing force to the vast American military machine, "all Western European countries will become, not only strategically but politically and economically, American dependencies." Many Americans would disagree with his allegation that because 95 per cent of NATO's nuclear power is under Washington's control, the Americans can impose their views inside the NATO Council: on the major factors of "force goals" and manpower, they are, on the contrary, constantly overruled.

Lord Gladwyn concedes that the Americans do not want to dominate us: "The imperial crown," he says, "would sit heavily on their weary head." But why should it sit at all? It would be quite out of character for the Americans to use their nuclear monopoly to tell their allies how to run their political and economic affairs: indeed during the period of dollar deficits, dependence has often seemed the other way round.

Besides the dread of American supremacy there is the alternative fear of which de Gaulle often reminds us, that the Americans might decide Europe was too dangerous to defend. It is a fear which has no doubt increased with recent reminders that the hundreds of thousands of Americans stationed in Europe will not be permanent fixtures. But the American interest in "containing" a Communist thrust which would catastrophically shift the world balance of power makes it extremely improbable that they would withdraw their nuclear guarantee. Any President within the foreseeable future will feel as Kennedy did when he recently said in Frankfurt that European security was "indispensable *in our interests* as well as yours."

President Johnson has already made it abundantly clear that in this respect the change at the White House will make no difference.

It is true that there is, and will always be, the theoretical risk of an American return to isolationism. But it is so plainly in contradiction to the Americans' own interests that it can surely be dismissed as the most unlikely of all international contingencies. And against it we must weigh the risk of piling up an autonomous nuclear force inside Europe, increasing the already hair-raising danger that the bomb may, in fact, be used.

A safe and invulnerable transatlantic deterrent, which the Russians know is committed to defending Europe, is surely a sufficient threat to dissuade a Kremlin would-be aggressor who might develop the lunatic idea of initiating war in Europe.

BASICALLY the chief argument to Lord Gladwyn and the other advocates of a politico-military United States of Europe would be that "it provides the best, perhaps even the only valid means of harnessing firmly to the West the hopes and energies of the German nation." Let's lock the Germans in, the argument goes, otherwise they they might gang up again with the Russians and unleash another disaster.

Such an estimate assumes the post-war Germans would not choose peace and parliamentary democracy of their own freewill and that they are more likely to be tempted into aggressive alliances than ourselves or the French. Yet if they are potentially the wicked "warmongers" the Russians suggest, the case for giving them equal access to a thermonuclear force is surely preposterous. If not, then their inclusion in a block with its own nuclear armaments can hardly be defended as the only way of preventing them from acting like barbarians.

The fact surely is that neither Germans nor any other human society are immutably good or bad: they are what they are by a combination of history and circumstances. That is why those who advocate an equivalence of force between the two Transatlantic blocks, the U.S.A. and the "U.S.E." should surely stop to think what might be the effect on some of the more fragile democracies of Western Europe when they have a great "military-industrial complex" straddling the Continent. Few people will have forgotten General Eisenhower's celebrated warning to his own countrymen against "the unwarranted influence" which such a complex might exercise

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in the U.S. Yet the danger would be manifestly much greater in many European countries where the tradition of civilian supremacy is much less entrenched and there are no "whizz-kids" like Robert MacNamara or Charles Hitch to slap down the generals.

IN THEIR EAGERNESS to redress the balance between West Europe and the U.S.A., some advocates of a European deterrent give very little thought to its eastward impact. A bigger share in the Western deterrent by the Germans will almost certainly frighten the Russians into tightening their grip on their satellites. The precious and precarious liberalisation, which begins to make life in Eastern Europe worth living, would very probably be reversed. How long would it be before the Russians themselves slip back, perhaps under new leadership, into their old siege mentality? Can a Western initiative which would deepen the split down the middle of Europe qualify as a contribution to European unity?

It can appeal only to those who believe with Lord Gladwyn that "a thaw" is likely "to encourage a great increase of Soviet influence in Western Europe." But is not the reverse true? Even the minimal exchanges so far permitted have created an intellectual effervescence in the Soviet Union and the satellites. Without the Iron Curtain, how long could the Communists hope to sustain their mythology about NATO

Life & Letters Today (I)

[The following story of an incident at a recent European Writers' Conference, held in Leningrad, appeared in Izvestia *(Moscow), and was widely reported in the European press. We had intended to include it, without comment, in our monthly department devoted to such titbits. But such gossipy news-items in the Soviet press are a new and very strange form, and we had the vague suspicion that it would be best to write to H. M. Enzensberger for verification. His letter to us is appended.]*

Moscow

TOO MUCH *self-confidence is always painful. Earlier this year, at a meeting in Leningrad of European writers discussing problems of the contemporary novel, there suddenly appeared the figure of Evtushenko, although he had not been invited. After all, he writes poems and not novels. This young man apparently came to Leningrad in order to be slapped on the back by foreign litterateurs and thus to show everybody how famous in the world he really is. Colleagues have told me what happened when he turned up in the hotel where the French and German writers were living. There he met the well-known West German writer, Hans Enzensberger. I am not sure whether Evtushenko immediately understood why Enzensberger appeared so cool. Enzensberger said the following to Evtushenko: I respect people whose self-confidence has certain decent limits. You, Herr Evtushenko, told me in Germany that our poet, Rilke, was among your masters, that you learned from his poetry. But here in the Soviet Union I learn that hardly anything of Rilke has been translated into Russian, and that a long time ago. You, Herr Evtushenko, understand no German. How, then, could Rilke have possibly been your master?*

Does one have to say anything more...?

TATYANA TESS in Izvestia *(Moscow)*

Norway

WHAT THE *German press* (Die Welt *and the* Frankfurter Allgemeine) *published about my conversation with Evtushenko is a complete fabrication. The reports were based on an article by Tatjana Tess in* Izvestia. *Undoubtedly this article was "inspired." It was intended to harm Evtushenko in the eyes of the Soviet public and even to make him seem ridiculous. Our Establishment organs, which usually do not easily believe what* Izvestia *prints, seized upon this item; and although checking with me would only have cost them forty pfennigs postage, this was not done. It is the old collaboration of the reactionaries, ours and theirs. One kills two birds with one stone—Evtushenko appears as an ignoramus and Enzensberger, the trouble-maker, as an arrogant fool.*

I have long since given up denying individually the countless lies which appear in our newspapers: that is a labour of Sisyphus. In this case, however, I did send a correction to Izvestia, *with copies to the Soviet Writers' Union and to Evtushenko too, for I know how damaging such a ridiculous article could be to him. Naturally the correction will never be published, no more than it is likely to be in Hamburg or Frankfurt.*

It is untrue that I met Evtushenko in Germany. We didn't know each other. We met, by accident, in a Leningrad hotel. I didn't greet him coolly; I was very pleased to run into him, for he was, God knows, more sympathetic than the old fools who populated the conference. We never exchanged a word on the subject of Rilke; we spoke only of cultural and political subjects, untouched on in Izvestia. *And why should I criticise a Russian writer for not knowing German when I myself have no more than a smattering of Russian? In short: the report was entirely malicious, and those who gave it circulation did so with the deliberate intent of damaging both our reputations.*

HANS MAGNUS ENZENSBERGER

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being "an aggressive bloc" or about "the pauperisation of the proletariat" in capitalist society?

Democratic Western Europe is not weak and vulnerable, compared to the other side, but strong and dynamic. It is true that if there should be a *détente* the pressure for a military merger would diminish—but so would the need for it. Some of the keenest Europeans sometimes seem to think that in unity lies not only strength, but also wisdom and goodness: that was perhaps what leading liberals in the little principalities of Italy and Germany used to think while they struggled for national unity. How shocked they would have been to know their beloved fatherland, once united, would come to be identified with a Mussolini or a Hitler.

The essential problem is to make sure that any new community contributes to the well-being, security, and human freedom of the Europeans.

This is not to suggest, of course, that the Western countries should all remain in a state of suspended animation until the Russians come to terms. On the contrary, Lord Gladwyn is surely right in saying that Britain has everything to lose from sinking into introvert isolation or into the dream-world of Commonwealth solidarity. As he points out, the Western European countries, including ourselves, have a great deal, socially, politically, and economically, in common, and are therefore particularly well fitted to working out common solutions for the many problems which are intractable within the limits of national frontiers. There are still many issues, beyond those being tackled already by the existing communities, where Britain could usefully take the initiative. And joint economic action will, of course, also require political institutions to ensure democratic control.

BUT THE ORIGINAL purpose of "supra-nationalism" was to challenge the idea of the sovereign state, and it would surely be a tragic paradox if the prospective supra-national community ended up by carving out a new Western European thermonuclear super-state, with all the attributes of sovereignty—only with longer teeth: "the better to eat you up with...."

Must we then accept that Europeans cannot bear to be deprived of some form of collective self-assertiveness and that, if they cannot any longer afford separate nation-states, they must form a conglomeration to which they can transfer their life-and-death devotions?

It has indeed been argued in the past that the whole notion of internationalism runs counter to human instinct. Man has always needed a gang: family, tribe, nation, in which to merge his identity and to compensate him for the sense of insecurity and impotence which has dogged his life. Groups, producing group loyalties and group hatreds, had seemed an indispensable prop to human existence.

Could it now be, as certain sociologists are suggesting, that progress towards ordered civilisation is producing a new kind of individual, with sufficient self-assurance and psychological balance not to need to give way to irrational urges for collective destruction? There are, in fact, certain tentative and uncertain signs that, in modern society, this is beginning to be true. There is general acceptance of the principle (though not yet the practice) of toleration; and all Western democracies are now (with occasional aberration) in the habit of settling disputes by non-violent methods.

Among those countries which have reached maturity there should be no more glory in the collective possession of nuclear weapons for the preservation of world order than there is personal glory in wielding a policeman's baton for keeping order in the streets. The essential is for the maximum number of like-minded countries to agree on the definition of world order and to know that they have between them the necessary strength (but no more) to enforce it. This surely is what Western alliance is for.

De Gaulle has often and perhaps rightly affirmed that the *raison d'être* of a nation-state is to provide for its own defence. If so, then surely thermo-nuclear weapons, which make defence impossible, demolish the case for preserving the divisions of the world into such traditional bundles of human beings as nation-states. And this must equally apply to super-states or federal unions: even the Russians and Americans only survive, thanks to their reciprocal restraint: within the foreseeable future, there is no defence.

THE AWARENESS OF this new phenomenon has perhaps percolated more easily on the left than the right. Conservatives still cling to their traditional fervour for uniform and flag. Labour M.P. Denis Healey recently remarked that for a large part of the electorate the nuclear bomb remains "their virility symbol."

The left, on the other hand, has a long, though admittedly very wobbly, internationalist cult which might make adjustment easier.

Indeed, although the present Labour leaders were singularly slow to grasp the significance of the new international processes, cracks are already visible in their anti-European armoury. Many aspects of the programme now being canvassed by the British Labour Party may, in the view of some of its principal sponsors, prove inapplicable within the narrow contours of one-and-a-half off-shore islands.

A wider monetary basis and larger markets may prove necessary for the planned expansion

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of the new industries. So may joint investment programmes and more mobility for capital and labour: this in its turn may require harmonising of social services. If there is to be free trade, common action will be needed against monopolies and cartels. And if big new expenditures are required, one obvious way of economising public funds will be to impose a sensible division of labour between community countries in producing their military equipment.

Even if de Gaulle continues to bar Britain from Brussels, a new government is likely to find other ways of applying community practices with other like-minded Continental countries. Certain types of planning may require democratic socialism in "more than one country."

BASICALLY, for socialists on both sides of the Channel, the most troublesome problem will be: "Who manages the managers?" As Labour takes over the commanding heights of British economy and as new responsibilities are transferred from national to wider European authorities, the imperative and undodgeable question will be how to ensure democratic control over the ever more powerful and more numerous bureaucracies.

In this respect the Communists have demonstrably failed and there is obviously no quick and easy solution. Western socialism will only preserve its inherent superiority over the régimes practised in the "Popular Democracies" if its protagonists collaborate unremittingly in solving the biggest of all their problems—how to reconcile welfare and freedom.

But in trying to create a new community, freed from the bondages of national frontiers, passports, and customs inspectors, we surely need not venture into the military field or try to create a United States of Europe aiming to be "the equivalent of America."

Let us be modest. This beloved Europe of ours, with its splendid cultural and scientific heritage and abnormally dynamic and inventive genius, has a discreditable international record for dragging the rest of the world into war. We have plenty to do to create a better and less menacing society. European unity is essential for the purpose of creating a Europe fit for Europeans to live in—and for non-Europeans to live with. But as far as nuclear matters are concerned, now that, since Cuba, the Americans and Russians have looked down the barrels of each others' guns and recoiled, perhaps the best Europeans can do is to remember that: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

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BOOKS & WRITERS

Lest We Forget

"Oh What an Unlovely War . . ." — By MICHAEL HOWARD

ON AUGUST 4TH next we shall be commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the British Empire's entry into the First World War. Publishers and editors are presumably laying their plans for an appropriate celebration, but the public is likely to approach the occasion with a jaded appetite. There is a limit to the amount it can take, and it has taken a lot already. There is also a limit to the number of books which can be put together by scissors-and-paste compilation from secondary sources; and so far as the Western Front is concerned this must have very nearly been reached. But if no enterprising publisher has yet commissioned a book on the Mesopotamian campaign it is high time that one did. Justice has never been done in this country to the Italian front, where two years of savage fighting preceded the collapse at Caporetto which is the only battle in that campaign of which most Englishmen have heard. There is a wonderful book to be written about Salonica, that tragical-comical-politico-military farce. There are the huge battles which swirled round the northern and eastern frontiers of Austria-Hungary. There are in fact still a number of glittering prizes to be won by young writers with high hearts and sharp pens and a willingness to master one or two of the major European languages. Our best hope is that during the next few years publishers and authors will adopt an Eastern strategy; not go on pounding France and Flanders into shapeless mud.

AFTER THAT it will be up to the scholars working through the archives, publishing meticulous monographs supplementing and correcting the official histories, establishing a firm record which will be the basis on which historians of future generations will base their studies. The archives are not likely to reveal anything new; as Mr. A. J. P. Taylor is fond of remarking, they contain few if any secrets.[1] But they will enable us to answer questions which the official historians have passed over as unimportant, or irrelevant to their own work; to tackle the mountain peak by climbing unfamiliar faces instead of trudging up the tourist route; and thereby learning more, not only about the mountain, but about the entire landscape in which it stands. It is for work of this kind that the academics should be preparing themselves, and American and German scholars are already showing us the way. Meanwhile, the tourist route is not to be scorned. The achievement of the men who first climbed it—Captain Liddell Hart in 1930, C. R. M. F. Cruttwell in 1934—was magnificent. And Mr. Taylor's new book[2] shows that even on this well-trodden ground a real professional still can achieve a *tour de force*.

We know now what to expect from Mr. Taylor, and it is all here. Wide reading in many languages; a knowledge of recondite sources betrayed only in a word or the shaping of a phrase; brilliant lucidity of exposition; the priceless capacity to reduce, in a few sentences, a morass of apparently irrelevant or irreconcilable material to order; and with it all, the self-destructive itch to wreck his reputation, to keep himself out of the fell grasp of the Establishment, by the regular enunciation of petulant and silly *bêtises*. This book has its full share of these last. Smuts was "the great operator of fraudulent idealism." Haig "preferred an unsuccessful offensive under his own command to a successful one elsewhere under someone else's." "In the last resort, the United States went to war so that America could remain prosperous and rich Americans could grow richer." In particular, the captions to the excellent photographs are largely written in this vein. The maddening thing about these pronouncements is not that they are untrue: it is that they are so obviously made in order to annoy people. Annoying people is often a good way of teaching them—often the only way. But in an otherwise serious and sensible study, this kind of

[1] *Keeping It Dark*, ENCOUNTER, August, 1959.
[2] *The First World War: an Illustrated History*. By A. J. P. TAYLOR (Hamish Hamilton, 35s.).

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remark teaches one nothing—except perhaps about Mr. Taylor himself. Still, he is the best First World War historian we have got, and we would be lucky to have one even half as good.

AND WE NEED good ones; scholars who will not only describe the war for us but explain it as well. Even after fifty years it lies like a dark scar across the history of Europe, an interruption in the development of western society rather than a part of it. Until 1914 war seemed a natural enough part of the state-system, as of the feudal and dynastic periods which had preceded it: disagreeable, inhumane, wasteful, but a perfectly effective means of settling disputes irresolvable by any other means. Even the Second World War seems a natural and intelligible conflict over issues on which no compromise was possible. Those of us who fought in it did so without any illusion that we were creating a better world: we only knew, rightly or wrongly, that the world which would develop if we did not fight it would be intolerable, and that conclusion few of us have seen any reason to revise. My own generation, aged seventeen when the war began, twenty-three (those of us who survived) when it ended, suffered as badly as any, but it did so for a perfectly clear purpose, which gained rather than lost its validity as the war went on. Mr. Evelyn Waugh's view, that what began as a crusade turned into a tug of war between indistinguishable teams of sweaty louts, is idiosyncratic. Most of us did not feel like that. But it is evident that by the end of the First World War a large number of intelligent people did; and ten years later their doubts had become general.

WHAT IN FACT was the First World War about? This is not, on the surface, a difficult question to answer. Every belligerent in 1914 took up arms, either to repel a direct invasion of its territory, or to fulfil a precise obligation which could not be abandoned without shattering consequences to national prestige, morale, and interests; concepts abstract and absurd to the sardonic layman, but the raw material of all international affairs. Is that all there was to it? In Mr. Taylor's eyes, yes.

> Men are reluctant to believe that great events have small causes. Therefore, once the Great War started, they were convinced that it must be the outcome of profound forces. It is hard to discover this when we examine the details. Nowhere was there conscious determination to provoke a war. Statesmen miscalculated. They used the instruments of bluff and threat which had proved effective on previous occasions. This time things went wrong. The deterrent on which they relied failed to deter; the statesmen became the prisoners of their own weapons. The Great Armies, accumulated to provide security and preserve the peace, carried the nations to war by their own weight.

On a certain level of historical explanation, this is true enough; the level which would explain the French Revolution in terms of the financial difficulties of the *ancien régime*, or the Reformation in terms of Luther's theological differences with the Papacy. The *occasion* for war was certainly a series of events as fortuitous as those which have precipitated any other major historical event. But the historian has to go further, and ask why the circumstances were such that so small a detonation could lead to so devastating an explosion. For the answer he has to look far beyond the diplomatic documents. These are valuable in destroying the legend of the "war guilt" of either side; but apart from that they really tell us very little.

For the diplomatic historian the reasons for the First World War are the traditional ones: the search for, and collapse of a balance of power, first in the Balkans and then throughout Europe. Austria wished to recoup a position in the Balkans eroded by the two Balkan Wars. Russia would not tolerate the humiliation of her client Serbia. Germany could not risk the further humiliation of her client Austria. It was a situation of a kind perfectly familiar to diplomats before and since. There was nothing about it which could not be settled by compromise, or at very most by a limited *Kabinetskrieg* if the forces for fighting such a localised and limited conflict had been ready to hand. There were extremists in both camps—Pan-slavs who wanted to destroy Austria as a power, Austrians who wished to settle with Serbia for good—as there always are; but they were not beyond all power to check. The German commitment to Austria was certainly as vital a part of her policy as was the British guarantee to Belgium; but it could have been—as in Bismarck's hands it surely would have been—a stabilising and not a disturbing factor, a reassurance to Vienna rather than a temptation to adventure. It was precisely because nobody took this crisis seriously, because so many far more serious had been successfully dealt with in the past, that it so quickly became unmanageable, and involved all Europe in ruin.

BECAUSE THE ORIGIN of the war was so insignificant, because the fighting spread to Western Europe so quickly and continued there so intensively, it is tempting to see the "real causes" of the war in the irreconcilable rivalries of the Western European nations, particularly that of Germany and Great Britain. But this explana-

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tion does not stand up to serious examination. Once at war, British and Germans went for each other with the stubborn fury of berserkers, engaging in a long, slow, horrible death-grapple from which neither was fully to recover. True, for fifteen years before the war British and Germans had regarded each other with mounting distrust and dislike; but it may be doubted whether this rivalry ever reached, let alone surpassed, the level which had been normal in Anglo-French relations—with rare intervals—between Waterloo and the conclusion of the *Entente Cordiale*. Anglo-German colonial rivalries were never so acute as Anglo-French, and even the famous naval race was no greater a factor in embittering relations than had been the far greater naval panics of 1859–61 or 1885–9. The fear of German invasion intermittently alarmed the subjects of King Edward VII, as the fear of French invasion had intermittently alarmed the subjects of Queen Victoria. Bernhardi and von der Goltz wrote menacingly of the day of reckoning with England, as Aube and Charmes had written twenty years earlier. Such combinations do not make peace any easier to preserve, but they do not necessarily lead to war. There is no intrinsic cause why Britain's relations with Germany should not have developed peacefully into the same kind of guarded and grudging co-operation as we have established with the French over the past fifty years.

Yet if one does read Bernhardi or von der Goltz or Treitschke; or Frederic Harrison and Seeley; or Péguy and Psichari; or Mahan and D'Annunzio: or if one explores further and reads the pre-war editorials and the speeches at prize-givings and the pamphlets; or soaks oneself in the military literature of the period; one learns far more about the causes of the First World War than in a lifetime of reading diplomatic documents. The diplomats may have been desperately anxious to avoid a war, as were the business-men; but (to lapse into Taylorian hyperbole) they were about the only people who were. "The Elder Statesmen did their feckless best to prevent war, whilst the youth of the rival countries were howling impatiently at their doors for immediate war;" a fact which the idealistic youth of this country to-day, bear-led by Miss Joan Littlewood and, in his lighter moments, by Mr. Taylor himself, find it remarkably easy to forget.

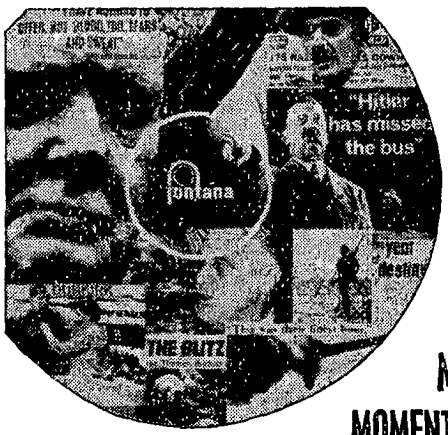
BUT IF THEY HOWLED, it was because for a generation or more they had been taught to howl. Listen to Lord Rosebery, by no means a martial figure, addressing the boys of Wellington College in 1909:

> The stress that patriotism will have to bear in days not distant, and perhaps imminent, will be greater than has yet been known in the history of this country (*hear, hear*). There never was a time when men were more needed to speak and act up to their faith (*cheers*). I think that men will have to be more universally armed in the future than they are now (*hear, hear*).... There are encroaching opinions which threaten patriotism, menace our love of country, and imply the relaxation, if not the destruction, of all the bonds which hold our empire together (*hear, hear*). I would urge that so far as possible the study of patriotism should be promoted. (*cheers*)[3]

Read also the concluding words of Colmar von der Goltz's best-seller, *The Nation in Arms*:

> It is necessary to make it clear to ourselves and to the children growing up about us, and whom we have in train, that a time of rest has not yet come, that the prediction of a final struggle for the existence and greatness of Germany is not a mere fancy of ambitious fools, but that it will come one day inevitably, with full fury, and with the seriousness which every struggle deciding the fate of a nation entails ere a new political system receives universal recognition. Bearing this constantly in mind, we must work

[3] Quoted by David Newsome, *Godliness and Good Learning* (John Murray, 1961), p. 202.



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> incessantly, by example, by word, and by our writings towards this end, that loyalty towards the Emperor, passionate love for the Fatherland, determination not to shrink from hard trials, self-denial, and cheerful sacrifice may wax ever stronger in our hearts and in those of our children.[4]

One could multiply such quotations indefinitely, from French, Italian, and American sources as well as from British and German. The children of Europe were being trained for war, and war was regarded as something natural and inevitable Why? There was the influence of Hegel and Mazzini seeping through all European thought, emphasising that the highest morality of the individual lay in service to the State, vulgarised in a million speech-day addresses like Lord Rosebery's. There was the popular "social Darwinism" with its creed of the survival of the fittest among nations as among species. There were the technical requirements of mass armies, which coincided conveniently with these philosophical trends. There was an upper class which, with its status rendered precarious by industrialisation, found in military life the security, purpose and prestige increasingly denied it in civil. There was a great mass of uprooted proletariat and urbanised petty bourgeoisie, for whom national pride provided a status and fulfilment lacking in their drab everyday lives. There was that disquieting strain of primitive savagery which composers and artists were beginning to tap during the first decade of the twentieth century. There were the boiling frustrations of deepening class-war. Trends like these are difficult and sometimes impossible to document, but no study of the war can be complete which does not take them *into* account.

Mr. Taylor does not say very much about them; partly perhaps because he is a diplomat rather than a social historian by training, more probably because he is working to rigid limitations of space. He does mention, without explaining or dwelling on it, the enthusiasm with which the war was everywhere greeted. He also points out quite correctly that this enthusiasm did not begin to ebb until the war had run more than half its course. In 1915, he writes, "there was hardly as yet a flicker of discontent or discouragement in any belligerent country." Kitchener's armies displayed on the Somme in 1916 no less ardour than the regular soldiers who had dashed over to France in 1914 for fear of missing the fighting. Mr. Taylor rightly points out that "all imagined that it would be an affair of great marches and great battles, quickly decided." But no one expected or asked, that there should not be heavy casualties. There was no cold douche of disillusion after the blood-letting of 1914 or even of 1915: it was what everyone had been led to expect. This, after all, was exactly that trial of patriotism, manliness, and endurance for which the nations of Europe had been preparing themselves for an entire generation.

[4] I quote from the English translation of the 5th German edition, published in London in 1913. I have not checked whether this sentence appears in the first edition of 1883.

THUS WHEN Mr. Taylor talks about "the deterrent ... failing to deter" he is being dangerously anachronistic. Armies were not, except perhaps in the eyes of the diplomats, conceived of as "deterrents." They were instruments for fighting a war which was widely regarded—and not by the soldiers alone—as being inevitable, necessary, and even desirable. And once engaged, the peoples of Europe showed themselves in no hurry to disengage. When military deadlock had been reached by 1916, the obvious corollary was a compromise peace; but few historians would claim—Mr. Taylor is certainly not among them—that those in favour of such a course represented, in the nations of Western Europe, more than a tiny and unpopular minority. Why should the Germans, everywhere victorious, abandon an inch of the soil which they had won at such cost to adversaries who might use it as a springboard for another and bloodier war? How could the French contemplate peace while the invader still occupied so much of her soil? How could the British acquiesce in a settlement which would leave Belgium in German hands? Only in 1917 did the German Social Democrats, with great political courage, come out publicly in favour of a peace with no annexations or indemnities; but by then the total collapse of Russian resistance was making such wise moderation unthinkable for the Germans in Eastern Europe, while the entry of America into the war made it unnecessary for Britain and France to consider any compromise at all. The democracies of Western Europe, and of course of North America, were fighting for noble causes —the destruction of "Prussian militarism," the liberation of the subject peoples of Eastern Europe—which could be gained, they believed, only if the adversary, huge, evil, dimly descried through the battle-smoke, was totally overthrown. The flower of British and French manhood had not flocked to the colours in 1914 to die for the Balance of Power.

POPULAR EMOTION, then, goes far to explain why the war, when it broke out, should have been so prolonged and so bloody. For the rest, one must look at the nature of

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the military machines on which the Powers of Europe had for the past forty years been lavishing so much loving care.

The first characteristic to notice about these machines is not the obvious one of their size, but that, no less important, of their inflexibility. Millions of men had to be recalled to the colours, organised into fighting units, equipped with a vast apparatus of supporting arms and services and sent by railway to their points of concentration, all within a few days. The lesson of 1870 was burnt into the mind of every staff officer in Europe: the nation which loses the mobilisation-race is likely to lose the war. Mr. Taylor rightly points out that it was only in the German Army that mobilisation inevitably meant war—that General Staff plans involved not only the concentration of the armies but, as a necessary consequence of that concentration, their *Aufmarsch* into the territory of their neighbours. But in no country could the elaborate plans of the military be substantially modified to meet political requirements. For the Austrian government a declaration of war was a political manoeuvre, for the Russian government a mobilisation order was a counter-manoeuvre; but such orders set in motion administrative processes which could be neither halted nor reversed, without causing a chaos which would place the nation at the mercy of its adversaries. Even the British government blithely assumed, on August 5th, that it retained complete freedom of choice where to send the B.E.F. in Europe, if they sent it at all; when every ship, every train, and every wayside halt had in fact been designated years in advance, as they *had* to be, if British troops were to arrive in time, and in condition, to fight. The bland ignorance among national leaders of the simple mechanics of the system on which they relied for the preservation of national security would astonish us rather more if so many horrifying parallels did not come to light whenever British politicians give their views about defence policy to-day. As it was, the German Chancellor spoke for his civilian colleagues in every nation when he exclaimed in despair "the situation has got out of hand, and the stone has started rolling...." Armies were juggernauts which even their own generals could hardly control.

Military mechanisms thus certainly played their part in dragging Europe into war. More predictably they determined the kind of war it would be. The object of all this conscription, mobilisation, and concentration was to arrive on the battlefield in the greatest possible strength;

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for it was in battle, and only in battle, that the destiny of the nations would be decided. So much had the general staffs learned from Clausewitz, from Jomini, from Bonnal, and from all other commentators who had laboriously analysed the campaigns of Napoleon and of the great von Moltke. "The best strategy consists in being very strong, first everywhere and then at the decisive point": Clausewitz had made it as easy as that. Battles were not to be won by subtlety or manoeuvre; the decision would go to the commander who displayed the strongest moral fibre, who, undismayed by his own casualties, forced the enemy to exhaust his reserves until the moment came when nerve and resistance snapped, the battle-line broke and the victor was able to surge irresistibly forward to dictate peace in the enemy's capital. The new battlefields would be incomparably vaster than the Napoleonic; the new weapons would inflict far heavier casualties; but few commanders doubted that the pattern of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Sadowa and Sedan would be repeated, on a Brobdingnagian scale.

The conventional wisdom of the military was not so much at fault as has sometimes been supposed. On the Eastern Front, from East Prussia to Galicia, battles of this kind did occur. Fronts did crumble. The victorious cavalry did pursue. It was on the Western Front that the unforeseen factors came in. The tactical strength of the defence made it impossible to gain a quick decision in battle. The strategic mobility provided by railways stopped at the railhead. Forward of that, even such tactical mobility as had been enjoyed by Napoleonic armies was slowed to a dead halt by machine-guns. Machine-guns could be overcome only by artillery; artillery forfeited surprise, and itself slowed up the advance; so even when a tactical breakthrough was made, it could not be exploited before the defender's railways could bring up fresh reserves to restore the situation. Even so, this did not, in the eyes of the commanders, change the fundamental lessons which Clausewitz had distilled from the Napoleonic experiences. The battle went on for longer than expected; the casualties were higher than expected; but so long as the enemy reserves were being used up at a higher rate than one's own, all was going well. The more stubborn the resistance, the greater the ultimate victory. All that mattered was not to be deflected from the aim, not to allow the will to be shaken, but to exercise all the qualities of moral fibre and resolution which distinguished The Commander, not only in face of the dogged resistance of the adversary, but against the tempters at home who were constantly urging that there must be some easier path to victory.

IT IS DIFFICULT, even with all the wisdom of hindsight, to see that there was an easier path. So long as railways kept the armies supplied with the blood and treasure of the nations, the armies could not be defeated until the nations themselves were exhausted and begging for peace. The experience of 1870, indeed, had shown that even the most crushing military defeats in the field need not necessarily be decisive, if there was still the political will to fight on; whereas if that will had been sapped sufficiently, the most trifling military defeats might be decisive. It took only two battles, negligible by earlier standards, at Salonica and at Vittorio Veneto, to bring about the collapse of the exhausted Central Powers in 1918. The subsequent claim of the German military, that the German Army remained "undefeated," was an appeal to totally anachronistic criteria, irrelevant even if it had been true. Armies were no longer corporations distinct from their parent societies, engaging in gladiatorial combat. Once the national will to war had been exhausted, that great reserve of enthusiasm and patriotism and endurance built up over a century of careful training and squeezed to the last drop by relentless war-propaganda, the military instruments of that will were as useless as empty suits of armour.

Mr. Taylor's summing up of the struggle is pretty summary. It failed to produce Utopia, he agrees, but

> on a more prosaic level it did rather better than most wars, though no doubt the price was excessive. The subjects of the Habsburg Empire obtained their national freedom; the subjects of the Ottoman Empire started on the same path. The war postponed the domination of Europe by Germany, or perhaps prevented it. The most practical war aim was the one most completely achieved. Belgium was liberated.

All true enough. Certainly, the wastage in wealth and even in human life was quickly made good. Certainly, the great Empires of Central and Eastern Europe had long been in decay, and the War only hastened their fate. But the effects of the War on the peoples who had fought it, whose physical and moral reserve had been slowly sapped, who had seen traditional authority discredited for ever and who had learned that the traditional virtues only led them to the shambles, cannot be measured in terms of peace settlements alone.

AS FOR THE MILITARY, the lesson for them was clear. If the centre of enemy power lies, not in his armed forces, but in his civilian population, then that population must be attacked directly.

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It must be softened and subverted by propaganda. It must be starved and enfeebled by blockade. It must be remorselessly bombed from the air. Its morale must be undermined to a point where its capacity for armed resistance is fatally weakened. Only then, with swift armoured thrusts, can the *coup de grâce* be delivered. The vast tomes of Clausewitz and his disciples were removed to the lumber-rooms of military libraries, their place being taken by the works of Douhet, Mitchell, Fuller, Liddell Hart. The Art of War had outgrown Passchendaele. It was almost ready for Hiroshima.

Poets & Places

Five American Poets. Edited by THOM GUNN and TED HUGHES. *Faber,* 21*s.*

THERE IS HONOUR among thieves and reputation among poets. Public fame, of course, is another matter: in the United States to-day, the Great and the Near-Great are taught in schools, the middle-aged creep into the appendices of college texts with a poem or two apiece, and the young are known of rather than actually read. But poets know, and read, each other, and they have private opinions of each other's work that are by no means so simple a matter as that of an inside-dopester reversal of the orderings of renown. They may know each other over long periods of time, which helps to wreck their critical standards; they may be envious of each other's fame (rather than accomplishments), which also helps. But in being acutely aware of each other's careers and what they have cost and brought, fellow-poets have in most cases a sense of continuity, of an *œuvre*. And they are sensitive to the problem of getting better, certainly a more viable version of the moral life than the early Poundian injunction to write well and damn the rest (even if it meant going mad trying to imagine a world in which writing well matters more than it does). Finally, there lurks uneasily in the public mind the model of the poet as discoverer (here, again, Pound, and again influential out of all proportion to his accomplishments): the poets other poets admire will turn out to be important, because the pure concerns of craft alone will tell.

The voice of humane philistinism heard throughout the Age of Experiment tempered this view by saying that even good poets could have bad taste. Sophisticated, mid-century American literary rhetoric might put it better by saying that everybody has his hang-ups. In any event, there always remains something authoritative and something suspect about in-group poetic reputations, whether made public or not.

Thom Gunn and Ted Hughes, who (along with Philip Larkin) are the younger British poets most highly thought of in America, and who both know the United States rather well, have made a selection of five American poets whose work has not appeared in book form in England. Aside from the jacket-copy's assurance that all of these poets surely deserve to be better known over here, there is little in this volume to help the British reader answer his initial question: Why these? The informed American reader might at best be expected to say "Oh, these," by which he would mean many things. The collocation of Edgar Bowers, Howard Nemerov, the late Hyam Plutzik, Louis Simpson and William Stafford is neither representative of the American literary scene nor a gathering of new, young voices (the youngest of them is thirty-nine). None of these poets has erupted into either public fame or coterie glory, nor do they have the inflated readership of the so-called beats. Nor are they all of equal renown in America: Simpson and Nemerov are the two best known of the five, and Bowers is esteemed most highly among a group of poets. On the other hand, these five seem to have enough in common to allow already well-sharpened critical axes to be ground on them as a group. One reviewer here, always ready to praise what he feels is a generation that has come out the other side of a forest of experimentation, saw in their work the consolidation of a kind of plain style. Again, all these poets are (as was Hyam Plutzik) professors.

More significant, perhaps, is the question of school or faction. American poets have for the past five years or so been split into two rival anthologies, each of which seems systematically to exclude writers included in the other. The first of these, edited by Messrs. Pack, Hall and Simpson, has been called academic; the other, edited by Mr. Donald Allen, is for the beats. But these epithets don't really mean too much. The academicism of what Robert Lowell has called the "raw" poet (as opposed to the "cooked" school—and again, this doesn't pinpoint matters either) is as tiresome in the *lumpen* beats as in the boring parts of the other anthology. Despite all of the avant-garde cant about form growing spontaneously from the material of the poem, indeed, from the material of life itself, the less interesting free-verse poets are as committed to a preconceived poem format as anyone else. The question is merely whether Pound and W. C. Williams are to provide the model, or, in the other case,

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John Crowe Ransom or the later Auden. At its most ludicrous extreme, the beat academicism extends to younger poets who spell should and would, sh/d and w/d in their poems because Pound did so in his letters. Another point is about the academies in the literal sense: certainly poetry in America to-day is a culture of the universities, where poems are studied, books are bought, readings by contemporary poets attended and the bards themselves frequently employed. But this is true of the poets of both schools alike, and a surprising number of the names in both anthologies could be found in undergraduate lists at Harvard, Columbia, Amherst and Princeton in the nineteen-forties.

To observe, then, that all five of these poets would be associated with the "academic" anthology might or might not be significant. As it is, their proximity to the stereotype ranges from Edgar Bowers, with his almost Augustan chastity of form, through Howard Nemerov's mandarin facility with the novelistic *aperçu*, to Louis Simpson's gradually fermenting war, most clearly seen in his later poems, with the condition of being American. Mr. Bowers is something of a retiring figure, a former student of Professor Yvor Winters (who seems to believe that the clear, short lyric that makes the world seem relatively uncomplicated is the highest form of literary achievement). Mr. Simpson, who wrote in an early book what I think are some of the very best American poems to come out of the war, was at Columbia during those early post-war years that were so extraordinarily fertile for literature. Learning these facts after reading their verse comes as no surprise: both in the rhetorical and metrical format of the poems themselves, and in their differing senses of what needs to be said about what they know, these two poets display the influence of widely differing pressures and commitments.

Thus Mr. Bowers, at the end of a reflection on the ruins of Aachen:

Despair shall rise. The dragon's gore
From off the torn cathedral floor
Forces his mind's dark cavity:
His sleep has been his innocence,
And his malignant growth shall be
Monstered by lucid violence.

This is traditional as much because of the imaginative mechanisms used to control and represent elusive feelings as because of the form. Mr. Simpson, on the other hand, moves from a far greater initial dependence upon allusive form and rhetoric (his early war and love poems are full of both Cavalier and Byronic impulses) to an unabashed confrontation of the wounds of peace—the crippling sense of history of an educated American sensibility. He makes much of his recent removal to California; he writes of the coastal redwood trees waiting for an imagination sufficiently powerful to cope with them:

O if there is a poet
let him come now! We stand at the Pacific
like great unmarried girls,
turning in our heads the stars and clouds,
considering whom to please.

Some of the power of his recent poems comes from his not being at all sure that he is up to the task. An easterner's first visit to San Francisco can be shocking: he sees the great, unbelievable bay as the pioneer must have seen it, after months of journeying, and at the same time can read the recent landscape of the buildings piled up on the hills against the sea as having been thrown westward by the push of history. Mr. Simpson broods about this still:

We cannot turn or stay.
For though we sleep and let the reins fall slack,
the great cloud-wagons move
Outward still, dreaming of a Pacific.

Mr. Simpson now lives in a place where the local poets (led by some of his Columbia friends) belong more to the faction of the Other Anthology, and this cannot help but reinforce for him the significance of his arrival there. The sense of place is terribly important in American poetry, and poets' identities tend to become confused in a country where travelling westward, into the setting sun at the end of the movie, is such a natural symbol for moving into the future, whereas what should be the *Morgenland* of Europe is much more of the black night of the past and its dreams. Whitman, Stevens and Hart Crane all depended in their different ways upon temporal and spatial mappings of the self in American landscapes; more recently, Robert Lowell, in his first book, might almost be said to have turned his own life into a replica of the city of Boston by converting to Catholicism, and his apocalyptic poems about Boston are really the first of his *Life Studies*. The legacy of all this is apparent among the poets selected by Messrs. Gunn and Hughes. A very high proportion of their poems concern landscape, and what to do with it. Mr. William Stafford tries to penetrate the Pacific Northwest in which he lives with native implements, rather than with Eastern guidebooks, and he feels the world to have been more authentic before the frontier swamped it. *It is people at the edge who say / things at the edge: winter is toward knowing,* he writes at the beginning of an aboriginal gnomic poem. Mr. Nemerov's poem about night

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clouds, on the other hand, treats more explicitly the way nature seems to threaten intelligence:

Some shapes cannot be seen in a glass,
those are the ones the heart breaks at.
They will never become valentines
or crucifixes, never. Night clouds
go on insanely as themselves
though metaphors would be prettier;
and when I see them massed at the edge
of the globe, neither weasel nor whale,
as though this world were, after all,
non-representational, I know
a truth that cannot be told. . . .

IF THESE POETS are academic, then, it is because they have all been to school with the same, sad teacher. As a selection that needed to be made, this one leaves something to be desired. Even assuming the part of the literary scene to be covered, it is surprising to find Anthony Hecht and J. V. Cunningham missing (I will forgo the remainder of the usual *ad hoc* list of the unanthologised), and the selection of Louis Simpson's poems should probably have included more of his early lyrics. But if there seems to be something arbitrary about the final result, if it is hard to be convinced of its rightness, there is surely something revealing about the choice. These are all American poets of a certain skill (I suppose I personally admire Messrs. Nemerov and Simpson most, but that may be irrelevant), talking the same language and equally aware of the responsibilities they have incurred by taking up their own and other people's time in observing, moping, hoping, fussing or explaining. (They seldom, if ever, dance, giggle, harangue or pull the chair out from under one—there are splendid poets in the United States to-day who do.) Whatever the complex reasons for the selection (personal friendship, regional loyalties, perversity or justice of taste always seem to be at work in situations like this) the result is by no means a bad or beguiling book. For the British reader who wants to become familiar with the literary scene, or to acquire names to drop, it will not be of much use. But as a set of recent illuminations of "the complex fate" and as a sample of what a lot of American poetry is like, it will do more than serve. And again, for the appearance of Louis Simpson and Howard Nemerov in England I am vicariously grateful.

John Hollander

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Satire and Melancholy

Nervous People, and Other Satires. By MIKHAIL ZOSHCHENKO. Edited with an introduction by Hugh McLean. Translated by Hugh McLean and Maria Gordon. *Gollancz*, 25s.

"THE GREAT 20th-century satirist," it calls Zoshchenko on the jacket. Well, is he? I feel as if I'd been asked to write a security testimonial for an old friend, and suddenly realised I'd no idea what his politics were. I've been reading Zoshchenko's stories with pleasure ever since I knew enough Russian to make sense of the vulgar colloquialisms in which they are written. When I was an undergraduate I tried to copy his deceptively simple throwaway style—even to the point of imitating the rhythm of his prose, sawing my sentences off short and filleting them of all unnecessary pronouns and articles. (Was chic. I thought. Others—not. "What's this," they said, "for Christ's sake? The Chinese water torture?") But in all that time I never really stopped to consider what attitudes or intentions lay behind his humour. No doubt Zoshchenko left them ambiguous partly for political reasons. All the same, after the sheer grinding boredom of what passes for satire these days, I'm beginning to think that humour, like the humorist, is not necessarily the better for having the bones that support the body visibly sticking through the skin.

I just thought Zoshchenko was funny. In this I was not alone; he was more popular in Russia between the wars than any living author apart from Maxim Gorky. He was born in 1895 into a genteel artistic family, brought up in St. Petersburg, and saw a good deal of action during the Great War as an officer in the Tsar's army. But in 1918 he threw in his lot with the Bolsheviks (though he seems never to have become one), and joined the Red Army, after which he became, among other things a policeman, a book-keeper, a cobbler, an aviculture instructor, a telephone operator for the border police, a detective, a court secretary, and a government clerk. When he began to write his success was immediate, and endured until 1946, when he was attacked by Zhdanov for "cheap hee-hawing at Soviet reality," and proscribed. In 1956, two years before his death, he was republished, presumably rehabilitated. All the same, when I was in Leningrad in 1956 and asked if I could meet him, I stirred up such marshes of steaming abuse that I thought it might be best not to press the matter, and to spare him the embarrassment of a Western visitor. Even radically Leninist friends assured me that he was an obscene and worthless writer.

Zoshchenko's technique is in essence the technique of Wodehouse or Damon Runyon—a particular colloquial speech-pattern stylised to the point of self-parody. The colloquial idiom he starts with is what one might call working-class Sovietese. He cuts it like a clown's suit, at once too short and too baggy—monosyllabic where it ought to be expansive ("And on the way the general over-ate, and died of dysentery"), heavily padded with euphemisms and so-to-speaks where it should be terse ("On the one hand, sometimes it would seem more advantageous for us not to be alive. But on the other hand, so to speak, no, thank you very much"). He exaggerates that curious Russian obliquity and inconsequentiality which lend such an indissoluble air of Russianness to even the best translations of Russian novels, and he laces the mixture with misapplied scientific terminology and plonking Party clichés. Armed with this superbly inappropriate piece of linguistic equipment he sets out to describe love, birth, and death, and to elucidate the finer points of Soviet manners. It's like a clown performing a surgical operation with a giant collapsible rubber knife and fork, and a lot of the pleasure comes from watching the delicacy and ingenuity with which he wields his preposterous instruments.

Is he a satirist, though? Well, he makes fun of the shortcomings in Soviet bath-house administration and the supply of electric light bulbs. So do the writers in *Krokodil*. The staff of *Krokodil* do it because they want inefficient bath-house personnel to mend their ways. Zoshchenko does it because he thinks it's funny that human beings who aspire to run an ideal state cannot even run a bath-house properly. Again and again he slyly measures the grandiose pretensions of political optimism against the scale of man—and a small man at that. In all his stories he reminds us that men are moved by greed, hampered by idleness and fate, bound by the squalor of their circumstances, preoccupied with the trivia of daily living. He remarks on these things ostensibly to help bring reality into line with the ideal, in fact to cut the ideal down to the size of reality. His superficial ambiguity is both part of his comic technique and his political protection. In the long run, of course, it was not ambiguous at all, and he was silenced.

I don't know whether telling in jest truths that may not be told in seriousness is to be a satirist. I suppose you might say his stories are all in a sense satires on the tone of official Soviet attitudes. But I can imagine people saying that anyway he wasn't a *real* satirist—he didn't mimic Stalin's accent, or call Beria an old fool, or write skits on the purges or the labour

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camps. (Though as a matter of fact, back in 1924 when more things were possible he did write a brilliant parable—called *Dog Scent*—on the secret police.) At this point, clearly, in the context of a totalitarian state, the quest for "real satire" becomes purely metaphysical. And quite apart from that, to dismiss Zoshchenko for saying nothing about the concentration camps is reasonable only if you are also prepared to dismiss, say, Pope for saying nothing about the misery of the London poor.

Still, for the English reader Zoshchenko's stories must stand or fall by their funniness. Unfortunately no humorist who depends as heavily as Zoshchenko does on the comicality of his style can really survive translation. (Imagine *The Code of the Woosters* in Russian.) But the translators have produced a very readable version, and to wring even readable English out of Zoshchenko's Russian is a considerable achievement.

Undoubtedly the best thing in this collection, however, is not the stories but something quite different—an abbreviated version of *Before Sunrise,* the uncompleted autobiographical *novella* which Zoshchenko wrote during the last war. It began to appear in the Soviet journal *October* in 1943, but after two instalments was halted by the censors. I've never seen it before, either in a Russian or an English edition, and for me it came as a great surprise and revelation.

It is a work of black melancholy. "I am unhappy," Zoshchenko heads an early chapter, "and I don't know why." He sets himself to find out, by recalling moments of intense anguish when the causes of his unhappiness must have come close to the surface. It sounds a dismal self-indulgence, but it isn't. Every incident he deals with seems to touch on the very nerve of life, and he recounts them with a hard-won simplicity, exactitude, and brevity, and a strange sense of the uniqueness of each particle of space and time. I was greatly disturbed by the work, amazed at the unsuspected continents of experience it revealed, and by the equally unsuspected dark lands in myself that it spoke to.

This is Zoshchenko *an sich*, emotionally and morally complex—and markedly unproletarian. *Before Sunrise* is a remarkable addition to the literature of melancholia. It also puts all the rest of the author's work in a new light; one sees that he's not really so much a satirist as a simple pessimist. And, as Jonathan Miller once said, pessimism is really the gold standard of humour. Still, I can't help feeling a slight

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chagrin that I knew Zoshchenko so much less well than I thought. And a certain sadness that it was not to comedy that he turned when the ultimate truth had to be written.

Michael Frayn

Hood

Thomas Hood. By J. C. Reid. *Routledge,* 35s.

The problem of Hood (remembered? *forgotten? genius? good-bad? what?*) is really part of the larger problem of time. Does an age invent its writers or freeze them to silence? Or is it that the writer invents his public? Hood (1799–1846) is among the few surviving active talents of one of those curious bog-lands of literature, that no-man's-country between two great frontiers: the Coleridge-Keats Romantic, the Dickens-Browning Victorian. The lines fell very sharply. The earliest 1820s had been marvellous publishing years. But by the middle of that decade, Shelley, Byron and Keats were dead; Coleridge, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Crabbe were silent or played out. It would be another ten or a dozen years before early work of the new generation would appear —Browning's *Paracelsus,* Dickens' *Pickwick,* the youthful lyrics of Tennyson—and longer still before taste accepted these poets. Of novelists, only Disraeli and Lytton appeared to flourish; and Lytton in particular, whether in *Rienzi* or *Pompeii* or *Eugene Aram,* seems to emphasise what is feverish or fantastic about the 1830s. As for the poets, there was Beddoes, of course, but he was in Germany, enclosed in his own Gothic lunacies. And Clare, the single poet of genius, was writing away in his madhouse, untouched by the changing world. Hood, who began his writing life in the 1820s, and wrote continually for periodicals until his death, is almost alone in working inside and with the time, in reflecting its changing years. If a justification is needed for Dr. J. C. Reid's long and conscientious biography, it seems to me to be this.

In any case, little enough is known to-day about Hood the man, or the large mass of his work. Some interest certainly hangs about his name: the impact at least isn't flat or dull as it might be with Rogers or Hunt. His dizzily punning ballads will come to mind, at once jocular and macabre ("A cannon ball took off his legs,/So he laid down his arms"); so will that anthology piece about lost childhood, simple and moving still; also the haunting *Dream of Eugene Aram,* and *The Song of the Shirt,* familiar, alas, to the point of absurdity. Those who have read the brilliant, frenetic ballad of *Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg* will never quite lose the manic beat of those remorseless stanzas.

> Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
> Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
> Molten, graven, hammer'd and roll'd;
> Hoarded, barter'd, bought and sold,
> Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled, . . .
> Price of many a crime untold;
> Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
> Good or bad a thousand-fold!
> How widely its agencies vary—
> To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
> As even its minted coins express,
> Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess,
> And now of a Bloody Mary.

It is only an occasional serious lyrical poem, such as the sonnet called *Silence,* that really disturbs the picture. But in fact Hood began as a serious lyrical poet—perhaps the earliest disciple of Keats. He became a kind of satirical pre-Dickens in verse; his later themes and characters might have come straight out of Mayhew's London. Finally, through the radical pages of the newly-founded *Punch,* he made his widest reputation, both at home and abroad, as a humanitarian balladeer. Looking at the map of Hood's literary journey, is it unreasonable to speculate that if Keats, his near-contemporary, had lived those additional twenty years, he too might have turned at some point to verse satire for the magazines? He had already started to throw off work in this vein before he died. The silent thirties would seem to offer no place to the Keats we know.

Hood's tale can be briefly told. He was the son of a Scottish bookseller who died when he was a boy, and a hardworking editor and journalist for the whole of his working life. He had also been an apprentice engraver and could draw. His marriage was happy; he was devoted to his wife and surviving boy and girl. To combat bankruptcy, he lived abroad for five reluctant years, partly in Coblenz, partly in Ostend. Otherwise there are few events to record. Most of his work was ground out hard, against lifelong sickness, against creditors, against time. But perhaps, Dr. Reid suggests, this was no bad thing. A leisured, dilettante Hood might have remained no more than a pale disciple of Keats. As it was, he had to delve deep into his own resources to learn where his own gifts lay. There were some extraordinary things to find.

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Yet it is true that if he had died in his later twenties he would have a very different reputation now. The author of *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies* (1827), Hood's only serious collected volume, would impress any modern discoverer as a minor romantic poet of considerable charm and gifts, and, in the longer pieces, a strange and tragic appeal. Had he lived (such a reader might think) and had time to work his way through the Keatsian-Elizabethan forest, where might his path not have led? Where indeed? But he did survive, and we do know the answer.

Dr. Reid sees Hood as "a poet of genius," with "a share in almost every poetic gift," who misses greatness through too much versatility. We need not quarrel too much with this, for his comprehensive summing-up anticipates most of our queries, our reservations. But while Hood's originality lay in his comic grotesqueries, his juggler's brilliance with words, these things were also his danger. The verbal pyrotechnics seem a concealment of thought—a defence against it, even. In any case, he was not a man of profound or far-reaching vision; his exile abroad had merely made him more insular; his humour (in life as well; he was a practical joker) was often barbarous and crude. This was all, to be sure, in the key of the time. Yet when, in his verse, he can use his devices without vulgarity, the effect can be compulsive and remarkable. I find this, for example, in a short poem called *Farewell, Life,* written in his last illness, which plays on the idea of the mould above the rose, the rose above the mould. And when his sensibilities were touched, few could be more apt at catching a social mood (of indignation or grief) and giving it a voice. If *Punch*, in a sense, created *The Song of the Shirt,* that poem trebled the circulation of *Punch*. It was also dramatised, reprinted, sold on street corners, and was translated into all the chief European languages. In the liberal circles of old Russia, Hood's humanitarian poems came over like a battle cry. They are still, it seems, much liked in the Soviet Union.

INDEED, not the least interesting facts about Hood concern his reputation and influence. According to Dr. Reid his popularity, acquired late, was enormous for many years after his death. But he also affected numbers of writers outside his time, partly in style, partly in bridging the older age and the new. Elegant mordant wit became domestic middle-class humour; the epigram gave place to the pun. Hood's realism, which went so much further than Wordsworth's because it was urban and not naturally "poetic", finds occasional echoes in Tennyson, more in the later Browning. (Nothing in Keats

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THE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, THE EXECUTIVE AND SCIENTIFIC POLICY

by
AUSTEN ALBU, M.P.

Recent discussions about the relations of science and government have treated Parliament as non-existent. In this article, the Chairman of the Parliamentary and Scientific Committee discusses among other questions the influence which Parliament has on the shaping of scientific policy, and how it can play a larger part. He compares the situation in Britain with the role of the American Congress in the making of science policy.

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or Shelley reflected the common scene.) Browning's rhymes, his colloquial cadences that put him so much in advance of his time, were anticipated by Hood. The Rossettis, variously, are all in debt to his verse, both the freakish and serious kinds. So, very evidently, was W. S. Gilbert. The relationship of *Miss Kilmansegg* to *Our Mutual Friend* can hardly be questioned: *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* reverberates with the doomed, metrical hammering of *Eugene Aram*:

> That very night, while gentle sleep
> The urchin eyelids kiss'd.
> Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
> Through the cold and heavy mist;
> And Eugene Aram walk'd between
> With gyves upon his wrist.

Poe, who admired and imitated the older poet (there were ten years between them) was particularly interested in the headlong movement of his verse. Hood's "marked originality," he wrote, lay in "a *glowing* grotesquerie, uttered with a rushing abandon vastly heightening its effect."

If Hood gives pleasure to curious readers to-day, it may well be for reasons akin to Poe's. It may be too that the element of prose fiction in his verse (later, an element in the works of most Victorian poets) appeals to us, as, also, we enjoy its parallel—the element of poetry in the great Victorian novels. But if Dr. Reid's suggestions are carried to their close, we take our Hood to-day through William Plomer, and sometimes Louis MacNeice, through "sick" humour, and black surrealist comedy on the stage. This is a selective reading of an author who still has something of genuine interest to offer a diligent reader as well as a reminder that every age has from an author no more than it desires or deserves.

Naomi Lewis

Western Approaches

Speculations about Jakob. By Uwe Johnson, trans. Ursule Molinaro. *Cape*, 25s. **One Fat Englishman.** By Kingsley Amis. *Gollancz*, 18s. **The South.** By Yves Berger, trans. Robert Baldick. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*, 16s. **The Sun's Attendant.** By Charles Haldeman. *Cape*, 21s.

German novelists think about other things as well as the *Zeitgeist*, English ones about other things as well as conduct, and French ones about other things as well as language. Still these seem to be the first association the word "novel" has for them, a point which my present batch illustrates nicely. The novel with real stature is Uwe Johnson's *Speculations about Jakob*. Uwe Johnson has a kind of rigorousness which is extremely characteristic of German fiction. Having chosen the blueprint of his form (and the form in German fiction tends to be "mechanical" or "scholastic" as opposed to natural and organic) he executes it with the most dogged and uncompromising single-mindedness. The tedious bureaucratic thoroughness of the German mind? Not in the least. For in fact his form is in the most sensitive possible relationship to his material.

The Jakob of Johnson's title was a model citizen of the new East German order, a director of traffic at an important railway junction on the East-West border, young, humane, mature, politically committed. When the book opens (it is the time of Hungary and Suez) Jakob has just been run down and killed by a train. Was it accident, suicide, or murder by the secret police? The novel is one continuous flux of speculations and narrations by various speakers (it sounds like one voice, as they all use the same speech-rhythm) and from it the pattern of Jakob's last few days gradually, minute detail by detail, and never finally, emerges. Jakob had come under suspicion politically; and everything that ensues, the following of his movements by the secret police and his own desperate, unobtrusive manoeuvres to extricate himself and family and friends, takes on the quality (like that of the book's own form) of pure mechanism. If Jakob is in a politically compromising position, then that is as serious (indeed it is just the same) as if he were really guilty of a political crime. The objective truth of things is not really at issue, for who is going to be interested? (When Jakob and the agent exchange Communist jargon, they don't expect to be taken literally.) Jakob's life becomes a dossier, an accumulation of *soi-disant* facts which by its own inertia destroys him and others. And the novel itself, with its anonymous chorus of fragmentary reports (one is often in doubt for a moment who a given "he" "she" or "they" refers to) is only a dossier used for other ends.

The central symbol of the book is Jakob's job. He, in his tower, with Olympian knowledge, marshals and controls trains, frames and alters schedules, and altogether exercises God-like control of events—a situation the very antithesis of his (and his pursuer's) hapless political plight, as it is also, apparently, of Uwe Johnson's own view of the novelist's possible role. "Where does the author stand in his text," he

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asks in an essay, *Berlin, Border of the Divided World*.

> Attitudes of omniscience are suspicious.... How can the author who first has to invent and assemble his text squat on a stool high above the field like a referee during a tennis match, how can he know all the rules, all the players, and unerringly observe them besides, intervene supremely at any time he chooses and even change places with his characters and look into their hearts as he rarely manages to look into his own? The author ought to admit that he invented what he tells, that his information is incomplete and imprecise.

One can make criticisms of the novel. There is some romanticisation in the conception of the heroic Jakob, and some thinness in all the characterisation. These are limitations rather than positive flaws, I think, for they don't damage the essential quality of the book, its extraordinarily powerful rendering of a general situation by strictly formal expressive means.

Whereas Uwe Johnson has invented his own form, Kingsley Amis, in *One Fat Englishman*, has adapted one of the most basic forms of English fiction, the one which prepares its hero (or heroine) for, and then exposes him to, an ethical crisis, leaving him thereafter on the path to salvation or damnation. (It's remarkable just how many English novels, from *Emma* to *Room at the Top*, do have this structure.) Amis' vessel of wrath is an English publisher visiting America. He is the perfect antithesis of Martin Green's ideal Englishman —gluttonous, snobbish, anti-Semitic, irascible, lustful and unloving. He is also (this is the mainspring of the plot) getting very fat, so that the fact that he is temporarily less unloving than usual may not be going to have its reward. America proves an excellent place to cultivate what is on the whole his favourite sin, anger, in. He sees much to reprove—the American habit of hanging up an Audubon print wherever they feel like it, that "curious American way of taking notice of their children," the American way of saying "this" when they mean "that" and using the preterite when they should be using the perfect. He is as outraged as previous Amis heroes at what some refer to as Nature but he prefers to call "whatever there was outside"—meaning things like squirrels who glance about with "affected curiosity" and turtles who simply have no right to be there.

The reward for loving is finally offered him: the Scandinavian philologist's wife whom he has been pursuing does at last, for a variety of honourable reasons, go to bed with him. He is tender with her and, for a moment, not awful at all. However, in the middle of things, he receives both a telephone call and a telegram, bringing messages from his two very favourite enemies. It is a temptation to really satisfying anger which is simply not to be missed—especially by someone just now in such good training in anger. He dresses and applies himself to it seriously, alienating his bedfellow and postponing his salvation for ever.

This is not half so good a novel as *Take a Girl Like You*; it belongs more with *I Like it Here*, though better polished, and there are flashes of pure Wodehouse in the prose-style—but perhaps there always were. Still, it is Amis all right, the most didactic of our funny writers, and nearly the funniest.

And if English novelists instinctively think of the novel as having to do with ethics, French ones think of it as having to do with language. It is not exactly that they take language seriously, so much as it never occurs to them that they might, like English novelists, simply ignore it. Increasingly, in the present century, they *don't* take it quite seriously, and fall into a sort of straight-faced game with eloquence, a secret parody of the traditional virtues of French rhetoric, with its elaborate scaffolding of syntax and showy research after the *mot juste*. The note is audible even in translation:

> as the evil of each day is sufficient to that day you exult at having trapped three hundred words but think of those that remain and remember that the corpses in your perforated memory, once they have recovered the frenzied life of their myriad meanings, can always slip out, where you may catch them or not....

That "perforated" hits the quality I mean exactly. And the point is particularly relevant, since *The South* is really a *jeu d'esprit* about language and the cult of the Word. The plot is that a well-to-do Provençal landowner and solicitor decides that human life reached the perfection of which it is capable, the ideal balance between nature and civilisation, in Virginia in 1842 (it is a mythical Virginia, without planters or slaves, and not very precisely located). He accordingly lives in this Virginia as far as possible (though he comes to regret having tried to recreate it physically on his own estate—one must above all beware of *things*) and he brings up his son, the narrator, to do likewise. Their idyll (endless readings about that golden year and place) is intruded on by the narrator's elder sister, who temporarily gets him away from the father and tries, to the extent of having an incestuous relationship with him, to drag him into the actual

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world. She fails, and he returns for ever to his Platonic Virginia.

When the book is describing the father the sentences are endlessly long—there is no need for them ever to reach a full stop, for while *things* perish and are renewed, words subsist unchanging and eternal, and Virginia is the heaven of the word. The sister is on to this point. She encourages her brother to write a book, but insists "keep the sentences short." This puts him in a dilemma. He really can see no point in full stops; on the other hand he feels it a kind of infidelity to her to sleep with her without putting some in; he compromises, grudgingly he puts in two or three—Berger's own loving relationship to the Word places him with the brother. This marvellously ingenious and delightful, if light-weight, book is a joke at the expense of the Aesthetic tradition with its artificial paradises (the father, in the manner of Huysmans' des Esseintes, has read three hundred volumes on one American tree); but Berger is on the tradition's side—and when we read the narrator's manuscript it turns out to be identical with Berger's own book.

IN *The Sun's Attendant* a new American novelist, Charles Haldeman, also dabbles in language, as he does in various Joycean and cinematic devices, but not to much effect. The trouble with this novel, as with a whole class of bad American novels, is that the novelist is too much in love with his own image. There he sits between us and the described experience, with his self-conscious, cosmopolitan tone, his self-dramatising posture, his *jabber*—what other word is there for this kind of prose?

> City and forest, sophistication and crudity were stamped heads and tails on him: the alloy of his character lay in between, hardened in an auto-erotic dream of immolation.

The novel follows the life of Stefan Brückmann, orphaned son of a Hungarian gipsy and a middle-class German woman, from an unwanted childhood, through concentration-camps, tragic friendships and several love-affairs, to initiation into art and a final attainment of maturity. The best thing in the novel is Stefan's relationship with the American naturalist Moon (a suppressed homosexual) who adopts him after the war. Haldeman has seen Moon in some depth. He has hit off the connection between his being a naturalist—which for Moon means opting against society—and the boyish unrealism which proves fatal to him. But even here, Haldeman bullies the episode. He makes it end with a "big" piece of violence. It seems to be there, like everything else, to prove what big experiences Stefan has gone through and by corollary what a big emotional range the author possesses. This often seems to be the motive behind such American "wander-literature" ("I moved on and on, through infinite depots and aisles...."). You are meant to think the items order themselves into a pattern, and in fact they just add up like a score.

P. N. Furbank

AUTHORS

S. Fischer in Frankfurt has just published a second volume of Thomas Mann's *Briefe: 1937–1947*, edited by Erika Mann. Readers will recall our selection from the first volume in ENCOUNTER, December 1962. We hope to publish a further selection later this year....

Nora Beloff is on the staff of *The Observer*. Her views on the European question are developed in her revised epilogue to *The General Says No* (Penguin, 3s. 6d.), which is to be published in France by Plon—General de Gaulle's own publishers next month....

For readers who have been inquiring: **Nigel Dennis** will be resuming his Theatre articles next month....

Naomi Lewis is a well-known writer and essayist, who reviews regularly for the leading British weekly and Sunday journals. Her collection of essays, *A Visit to Mrs. Wilcox*, is published by the Cresset Press.

Cover designed by **Colin Banks** and **John Miles**.

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Two poems by James Reeves

Evolution of a Painter

Beneath a pastoral sky, spotted by shadows,
Only by your young, talented eye regarded,
The two farm horses stood, unkempt and useful.
Your heart approved as your deft brush recorded.
One notes the skill; surprised, one notes the love,
And pensive, calm content the scene afforded.

For that was forty years ago, since when
The stoical farm beast has been abolished.
Not so your art, though now the patrons call
For something more expensive and embellished.
Proudly your valuable racers prance
Over the emerald turf, well combed and polished.

We need not twist our mouths with scorn to see
A pretty talent gone corrupt and hard.
Better than you have sold out for champagne.
Enough to know there is, where few regard,
The evidence of your compassion once,
In that ill-lit provincial gallery stored.

Traditional

Strenuously downstream with muscles flexed,
See how he manages his sleek canoe.
All on the banks appraise
The style, the masterful technique, the resolute gaze.
"There is a man who will," they say, "arrive."
Down the main stream, dead centre, see him strive.

We in our slothful punts keep to the shallows.
We hug the bank and watch the moorhens ride.
No trophy and no race
Seduce us from our talk and this unhurried pace.
May all such muscular candidates prefer
The main stream, leaving us the backwater.

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FROM THE OTHER SHORE

Russia's Exigent Intellectuals

A Eulogy and a Warning

THE CONTEMPORARY FERMENT in Russian intellectual and artistic life is so well known that the fact of its existence requires no demonstration. Once the province of the specialist, it has now come within the range of the average well-informed layman. Whereas a few years ago it was customary to search for clues to Soviet politics in personnel shifts of the Central Committee or even in the arrangement of the leaders atop Lenin's mausoleum during the May Day parades, to-day one wants to know what Khrushchev thinks of dodecaphonic music or what the censors have done to the latest instalment of Ehrenburg's memoirs. And when the poet Evtushenko, whose first visit to America in 1961 had passed quite unnoticed, makes the cover of *Time*, we can be certain that Soviet literature has arrived.

But what is the significance of this ferment? What are its sources, motives, issues, and long-term aesthetic and political implications? These questions are more difficult to answer. Of course, our instinct is to approve of the ferment and to rejoice at every victory won by the intellectuals over the bureaucrats. But we are often carried away and translate our spontaneous reaction to something we approve of into political prognostications. We like to interpret any manifestation of libertarian tendencies as an indication of the growth of liberty itself. That such procedure cannot be justified on logical grounds requires no elaboration. The reassertion of man's desire for freedom despite constant efforts to destroy freedom does not mean that freedom will win; at best it suggests that the desire for it is indestructible. We have to be extremely careful in interpreting such phenomena as the intellectual ferment in present-day Soviet Russia, lest by some mental sleight-of-hand we draw entirely unwarranted conclusions from the available evidence.

RICHARD PIPES *is a well-known American scholar in the field of Russian studies. He is the author of a book on Soviet nationalities and a study of Karamzin, the Russian historian. He is one of the few Westerners to be invited to lecture at a Soviet university, and his lectures on Russian intellectual history were well-attended and very controversial. He is professor of history at Harvard and associate director of Harvard's Russian Research Centre.*

THE RUSSIAN INTELLECTUAL has been traditionally involved in the country's political life. Indeed, concern for political questions most broadly conceived, so as to include social relations and economics, has been the hallmark of the Russian intelligentsia. In this respect the writers and artists who to-day engage (to an extent unknown in the contemporary West) in Soviet political life are merely following an old and established pattern. The cause of this involvement must be sought in the peculiar relationship established in Russia long ago between state and society. Three factors —the vastness of the territory under Russian dominion; the vulnerability of the long and open Asiatic frontier; and the poverty of the human and natural resources at the country's disposal— have contributed to shape the character of Russian statehood, the main outlines of which are clearly discernible also underneath the façade of Communism. Broadly speaking, the Russian state has developed more rapidly and more solidly than Russian society, and has tended to assume an extraordinarily active role in directing national life. At certain periods, as under Peter the Great and the Communist dictatorship, the Russian State has succeeded in combining the omnipotence of an Eastern despotism with the purposefulness of a Western democracy, producing a dynamism, a singleminded drive towards a pre-set goal for which it is difficult to find an historic parallel. Society, on the other hand, tended to be passive, and to let itself be harnessed by the government in the pursuit of these state-determined ends. The system of government of the Moscow period known as *tiagloe gosudarstvo*, the rigid estate structure of the imperial period based on Peter's Table of Ranks, and the Communist system of one-party rule have this one feature in common, that in all of them the status of social groups and individual subjects is determined by the needs of the state. Or, to put it in other words, that the criterion of social status is not *rights* but *obligations*. Under this arrangement, the rights of the subjects are viewed as instruments of state power, and last only as long as the state finds them useful. Such a system of government has permitted Russia to weather many serious challenges, and eventually to emerge as the greatest power in Eastern Europe.

BUT THE TRIUMPH was bought at a heavy price. It prevented Russian society from developing that sense of civic responsibility and involvement which a healthy body politic requires, and which can derive only from active participation in political affairs. Insecure in their position, and dependent on the state for benefits and privileges, social groups in Russia always have preferred to concentrate their attention on immediate social and economic gains, conceding the conduct of national politics to the autocratic sovereign. Given their precarious position, the paucity of firmly grounded legal rights, each group feared more the competition of rival groups than the whim of absolute power. This connection between the absence of firm civic rights on the one hand, and the weakness of social initiative on the other, has

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been noted by several observers, including Michael Speransky, the great statesman of the Napoleonic era, and Boris Chicherin, the leading liberal thinker of the second half of the nineteenth century.[1]

Now it is true that beginning with 1762, when the gentry were freed from compulsory state service and given inalienable rights (1785), the process of the enfranchisement of Russian society, the breakup of the traditional service state, got under way. Gradually, more and more groups were granted legal rights, including the right unconditionally to own private property. But this process was far from completed when the Bolshevik *coup* of 1917 disrupted it, reverting the country once more to the older system based on *service* and *duty*. The enfranchisement was too short-lived to sink deep roots in the consciousness of the people, among whom more than four centuries of state domination had moulded a different frame of mind. The imperial government remained the pivot around which public life revolved, and which held the vast empire and its heterogeneous society together. When in 1917 the abdication of the Tsar removed this pivot, Russia fell apart with a speed and thoroughness that to this day seems quite astounding.

In view of the long "statist" tradition, the struggle for political and civil liberty became the function not of social or economic interest, but of education and culture. Its leadership came from the ranks of the intelligentsia. Though at first it was composed almost exclusively of gentry, the intelligentsia gradually came to include also representatives of other classes, and in the second half of the nineteenth century acquired a thoroughly neutral class complexion. The bond uniting the intelligentsia was neither social origin nor economic interest, but common assumptions and ideals.

THE OLD RUSSIAN INTELLIGENTSIA was a diversified body with a rich intellectual tradition. The spectrum of its political opinions ranged from moderate, German-style national liberalism to a chiliastic, totalistic revolutionary creed resembling a religious enthusiasm. But for all its diversity, the intelligentsia did share certain common beliefs. (1) Those who considered themselves *intelligenty* were committed to public affairs, and conceived the emancipation of the individual only in connection with the general emancipation of Russian society and democratisation of the Russian State. (2) They were historically-minded; *i.e.*, they regarded history as a meaningful and regular process, whose general course could be scientifically studied and even predicted. (3) They believed in the historic mission of the intelligentsia: they thought of themselves as the vanguard of the forces of freedom, as a group destined to point the way towards a general liberation of society. Freedom most broadly conceived as the goal, history as the force impelling mankind towards it, and the intelligentsia as the instrument—such in the most broad terms was the outlook of the typical mid-19th-century *"intelligent."*

To understand the relationship between Soviet intellectuals and the state, it is essential to take into account that, in strictly formal terms, Russian Communism has inherited the ideology of the pre-Revolutionary intelligentsia. I say "strictly formal terms" because it is quite clear that Bolshevik ideology (not to speak of Soviet reality) has betrayed the whole spirit of that ideology from which it claims descent. "Soviet democracy" is a sham, its historicism has become a rigid dogma used to justify unpopular state actions, and the intelligentsia is no longer a free agent. But for all its betrayal of the spirit of the old intelligentsia, the Soviet régime does formally adhere to the letter of its ideology. By doing so it has hopelessly compromised many of the ideals which the Russian intelligentsia had traditionally espoused, and compelled the successors of the old *intelligenty* to fight on entirely new grounds.

THE FUNDAMENTAL DIFFERENCE between the pre-Revolutionary and the Soviet intelligentsia lies in their social status. The old intelligentsia was by definition outside the prevailing service structure: a free social group, independent of the state. The Soviet intelligentsia, by contrast, is a servitor class. In re-establishing the traditional Russian service state, the Communists have not only reharnessed all the social groups that had gained partial autonomy in the 19th century, but they have also established direct supervision over the one class which had always been exempt from service. This they achieved by endowing the term "intelligentsia" with a semi-formal status and, at the same time, broadening its meaning to such an extent that it became virtually synonymous with what, among us, is known as "white collar."

Before the Revolution, "intelligentsia" was not in any sense an official term. It was a subjective con-

[1] Analysing for Alexander I the internal condition of Russia, Speransky noted that the gentry, despite its privileged status, enjoyed no firm rights independent of the crown; in effect they were as much slaves of the monarchy as the serfs were slaves of the gentry. "What finally deprives the Russian nation of all energy," Speransky wrote on the eve of the Napoleonic invasion, "is the relationship between these two classes of slaves. The interests of the gentry demand the complete subordination of the peasants; the interests of the peasants demand that the gentry be equally subordinated to the crown. . . . Thus Russia, divided into various estates, exhausts itself in the struggle among the classes, leaving the government the whole scope of unlimited power." As a remedy he proposed to grant each estate inalienable civil rights.

Chicherin constructed an impressive political theory on the basis of a strict distinction between the government and society. According to him, the weaker and more divided society, the stronger the government. Ideal conditions are achieved when government and society co-exist in a condition of balance, the government providing the sense of unity, society the sense of variety. Excessive development of state powers, especially violation of the sacred rights of individuals—the rights of contract and property—sap the energies of a nation, because society is fundamentally more stable than the state.

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ception, sufficiently vague for people to dispute what it meant and whom it included. Such vagueness was intolerable to a régime which requires utmost precision from all social categories. From one point of view, the term "intelligentsia" was unacceptable because it suggests a division between mental and physical labour which Marxism denies. From another point of view, however, it had to be retained because it enjoyed great prestige and because, regardless of what theory said, it corresponded to social reality. As a result, the Soviet government has compromised by employing the concept but giving it an extremely broad definition which eliminates the possibility of the intelligentsia being considered as a class apart. The Soviet definition includes not only the intellectuals, in the proper sense of the word, but also two other groups, the professional personnel and the rest of the bureaucracy, civil as well as military. By being attached to the state service class *par excellence*, the intelligentsia, in the old sense of the word, is meant to lose its social identity.

Given this broad definition, it is not surprising that the so-called Soviet intelligentsia is very numerous. In 1956, according to official figures, it numbered no less than 15 million persons, roughly one-tenth of the country's entire adult population. The 1959 census shows under the category of "mental workers" over 20 million. We have no statistics to compare this figure with its pre-Revolutionary equivalent, because adherence to the intelligentsia was simply not measurable in quantitative terms. But we can obtain a vague idea of what such a comparison would show from an estimate recently made by the historian L. K. Erman (published in the first issue of *Voprosy Istorii* for 1963). Applying retroactively the Soviet definition, Erman computed that in 1897 there had been in Russia 726,000 *intelligenty*. In the sixty intervening years, as may be imagined, the most growth occurred not in the category of writers or artists but of professional personnel and, above all, civil servants.

Obviously, the 15 or 20 million strong Soviet intelligentsia is not really comparable to its pre-Revolutionary namesake. It is used as a general sociological term to differentiate all those citizens who are not employed in manual labour, and tells us nothing at all about their outlook or ideology. What the term has gained in precision, it has lost in meaningfulness. To make it meaningful once more, one must break it down into its components, eliminating those social groups which have no place in it. Surely it will not be objected if, to begin with, Messrs. Khrushchev, Mikoyan and Malinovsky, and the millions of bureaucrats with whose help they rule the Soviet Union, are excluded for the purpose of this discussion from the honourable company of the Russian *intelligenty* whose name and ideology they have usurped.

Having performed this dichotomy, that is, eliminated from the Soviet intelligentsia the bureaucracy, we are left with two major groups: professional people, and writers and artists.

IT IS BOTH difficult and risky to say anything conclusive about the Soviet professional man, because we know so little about him. Much of the time he functions anonymously, like the civil servant whom in many respects he resembles. The 19th-century Russian professional enjoyed a considerable measure of independence He sold his services, whether those of a journalist, or doctor, or lawyer, on a free market, a market with which the government could interfere proscriptively, but which it could not regulate and direct. This situation permitted him to acquire a broad background and to perform a variety of public services, such as defending political criminals, criticising the government from the pages of privately-owned newspapers and journals, or organising peasant co-operatives. The Soviet professional, by contrast, is entirely dependent on the state. The state is his only conceivable employer, and hence he is, for all practical purposes, indistinguishable from the regular civil servant, at any rate from the point of view of his social position. As a salaried employee, he lacks the opportunities of serving society, and must serve the state.

To say this is not to deny that there are certain qualities that distinguish Russian professionals from the run-of-the-mill *apparatchiki*. Such qualities do exist. Soviet professional men display a sense of professional ethics and dedication to their work that one is not likely to find among mere bureaucrats. Scientists, in particular, give the impression of considerable intellectual independence and even daring. But one searches in vain among them for that undisciplined love of theorising, that receptivity to new ideas, that intellectual sweep that was so characteristic of the old Russian intelligentsia. Soviet scholars and scientists are usually very competent in their speciality; their knowledge of the facts and literature is sometimes acutely embarrassing to a Westerner. But this competence is usually of a technical nature; it is limited to the utilitarian aspects of the subject, and narrowly confined. They seem to have a positive dread of that originality of interpretation and boldness of conception that among us is considered the criterion of scholarly excellence.

Why this should be so is obvious to anyone acquainted with Soviet history. Those who were original and bold have long since perished; those who have survived either lack these qualities, or conceal them. Nevertheless, facts are facts, and as of now it is difficult to discern among Soviet professional personnel (among whom one should include professors) those spiritual and intellectual qualities which are essential if the group is to serve Russian society in its never-ending contest with the state.

IN THIS RESPECT, the situation of the writer and artist is significantly different. Let me illustrate this difference with a personal experience.

Three years ago, at an international historical congress, I ran into a leading Soviet historian, M. V. Nechkina, the author of a standard Soviet textbook and several important monographs. In the course of our conversation, Nechkina inquired about my long-term research plans. When I told her that I eventually hoped to write a history of Russian culture, she literally gasped with astonish-

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ment. All she could say upon regaining her composure was: "You are a brave man!" I replied facetiously that where I came from writing books called for no particular courage (though it was quite clear the courage she had in mind was intellectual, not civil). Most of the Soviet historians whom I have had occasion to meet would very likely have responded similarly to Nechkina. A year or so after this encounter, the novelist Leonid Leonov visited Harvard. He too wished to know what books I hoped to write, and I told him what I had told Nechkina. Leonov seemed neither shocked nor surprised. For a while he said nothing, and the conversation shifted to other subjects. But later on, as we were leaving the Faculty Club, he took me under the arm, as if wishing to convey his ideas not only verbally but also physically, and said: "The subject on which you wish to write is very important and very difficult. You must give it much thought." Whereupon he told me how, in his opinion, I should proceed.

Soviet literature has always managed to preserve, even in the worst years of Stalinism, a modicum of autonomy. The reason for this must be sought not in Stalin's respect for literature, but in the nature of the literary vocation itself. Even when the régime prescribed for the novelist the subjects with which he was to deal and the manner in which he was to do it, it had to allow him a certain amount of latitude in executing the command. After all, if nothing else, the characters, settings, and dialogues had to be invented; and where there is freedom of invention there is some freedom.

To take an extreme example: the author of a novel about Peter the Great can take more liberties with his subject than the author of a history of Peter the Great. If he does not, he has to write histories, not novels. The freedom of the writer is even greater when he is a poet. Here again the theme can be laid down by the government, and so can the metre and the rhyme pattern, but the very poetic form, calling as it does for violence to normal speech habits (since we speak in prose, not in verse) pre-supposes some degree of liberty on the part of the poet. A poet who cannot tamper with words cannot write poetry. Thus, as the novelist enjoys over the historian or sociologist some freedom of thematic invention, so the poet enjoys in addition some freedom of linguistic invention. If we consider, furthermore, that most people, censors included, do not understand poetry we will not be surprised that even under the most inauspicious circumstances poets (and to a lesser extent novelists) possess a degree of discretion in the performance of their craft that is not granted to other groups of the intelligentsia.

THE INTELLECTUAL AUTONOMY of Soviet writers results not only from qualities inherent in their craft, but also from the peculiar attitude of the Communist régime towards the great tradition of Russian literature.

At one time some of the Soviet theoreticians had hoped to develop their own "proletarian culture". But since this hope was not realised, the government had no choice but to adopt and appropriate a large part of the literary and artistic heritage of pre-Revolutionary Russia. No other legacy of the pre-Revolutionary period has been acknowledged so freely and openly. By the device of labelling them "progressive," the government has appropriated the works of writers whose outlook in every essential respect contradicts that espoused by Communism, and who, had they by some chance survived the Revolution, would have either gone into foreign exile, stopped writing, or perished in the terror of the 1930s: Pushkin, who exalted the freedom of the artist and the aristocratic spirit; Gogol, the defender of orthodoxy, autocracy, and serfdom; Tolstoy, the Christian anarchist, who preached civil disobedience; and many others. The impact which this literature exerts is quite incalculable. Soviet writers, who consider themselves and are considered by the authorities, as legitimate successors of classical Russian literature, enjoy because of it the right to confront major human problems—problems which scholars and scientists cannot approach without fear of being accused of "Revisionism" and apostasy.

All these factors help explain why intellectuals in general, and poets in particular have emerged in the past several years as chief proponents of the idea of freedom in Russia. Issues which in free societies concern largely literary specialists have in the Soviet Union acquired utmost political urgency, and skirmishes fought between poets and party ideologists over aesthetics possess far-reaching practical implications.

WHAT DO THESE intellectuals want? Having assumed the function of the old intelligentsia, do they also espouse its ideals?

These questions cannot be answered in an unequivocal manner, because Soviet intellectuals, living as they do under a totalitarian régime which monopolises all public opinion, can express their ideas only in a very indirect manner, by suggestion and innuendo. To elicit evidence from the mass of written material which they produce, it is necessary to wade through volumes of literary journals, almanacs, symposia, records of writers' conferences, which the Russians are so fond of producing, not to mention novels and collections of poetry. From this diverse source material there does emerge something of a picture of the mentality and outlook of the contemporary Russian intellectual which it may be not unprofitable to compare with the ideology of the pre-Revolutionary *intelligent*.

The greatest contrast between the contemporary Soviet intellectual and his predecessor lies in their respective attitude towards politics. The old intelligentsia had a thorough commitment to politics; the modern one seems to shun and even despise it. The whole burden of the "liberal" literature of the past several years is to assert the writer's right to an a-political existence. It takes violent exception to that thought of Lenin's, which has become a fundamental tenet of the Soviet régime, that in the struggle between Communism and capitalism there can be "no neutrality". The liberal writers seem to say that they want to be outside the great political and social conflicts of their time. They wish no political commitment, though many of

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them seem perfectly prepared to acknowledge their loyalty to Communism as a fact. This rejection of politics is a natural consequence of the over-politicisation of Russian life by the Soviet leaders, of the elimination by the government of all pockets of private life.

We must not mistake the involvement of Soviet intellectuals in the country's political life for a genuine commitment to politics as such. They are involved in politics not because they want to be, but because the system under which they live interprets every human activity in political terms. Under Lenin's régime the desire not to be involved in politics was in itself the expression of a very definite political sentiment. And such, in effect, it becomes. To assert in the Soviet Union that the writer or the artist has the right to creative freedom means, by implication, to define the limits of State authority. Indeed, every time a Soviet artist paints an abstract canvas, or a Soviet poet, such as Anna Akhmatova, publishes a poem like[2]—

> *Steel decays, to rust turns gold,*
> *Marble crumbles, all awaits the sword....*
> *Sorrow on life the surest has hold,*
> *And longest endures the almighty Word.*

—we witness the enunciation of a constitutional theory in the fullest sense of this word. But this occurs by virtue of the peculiar nature of the Soviet political system, not from the creator's desire. In the end it may make no difference for what reasons the system is challenged; but it is important to keep in mind the motives impelling the contemporary Soviet intellectual, and influencing his attitude to the State. If in the vast literary output of to-day we find no pronounced political sentiments, it is not only because censorship stops its expression; it is above all because the whole attitude behind it is anti-political. To put it briefly: once the intellectual had tried to change the State and society, now he tries to escape them.

A similar change may be observed in the contemporary intellectual's attitude towards history, that omnipotent divinity of the old *intelligent*. History has been used by the régime to perpetrate some of its worst crimes, and to justify the hardships and deprivations which it has imposed on an unwilling population for the sake of a nebulous future. Is it surprising that history, thus abused, has become discredited? When the young poet, Voznesensky, says: *"Time has spat on me, now I spit on time,"*[3] we know what he means: he wishes to be free from the tyranny of history, which, perverted and ossified into official dogma, tells him what to think and do. The dislike for history, understood as the dynamic motor force of human evolution, often expresses itself in the form of nostalgia for the past, especially the romantic past, be it the age of Pushkin and the Decembrists, or St. Petersburg during its Silver Age, on the eve of World War and Revolution.

[2] Published in *Novy Mir* (No. 1, 1963), but originally written in 1945.

[3] Andrei Voznesensky, *Trekhugol'naia grusha* (Moscow, 1962), p. 38.

OF THE THREE QUALITIES which I have mentioned previously as characteristic of the traditional intelligentsia, the only one which still seems to hold true to-day is belief in the intelligentsia itself.

This particular characteristic is virtually inherent in the situation of the intellectual in a so-called "backward country", which Russia, for all its technical progress, most decidedly continues to be. Surrounded by sordid reality, whose sordidness is emphasised by an exalted conception of what life "there", that is, in the West, is like, the intellectual cannot help but feel that the very cause of progress depends on him, that he is the chosen instrument of all those forces he cherishes. Even when he gives up any belief in progress, which seems to be the case with many Soviet intellectuals, he still retains a sense of being distinct from the rest of society. Indeed, among some Soviet intellectuals one can discern, at least in private conversation, a very clear note of cultural élitism, a sense of contempt for the dark masses who make up the majority of the population and from whose ranks are drawn the country's political leaders.

If we thus compare the old and the new Russian intellectual, we find that they differ in the most essential ideological qualities, while sharing certain psychological ones. Like his 19th-century predecessor, the contemporary Soviet intellectual may feel that he has a particularly important role to play; but the role which he envisages for himself is vastly different. He is no longer the social and political reformer. Rather, he appears as the near relative of the "alienated" intellectual of the West, about whom so much has been written. Like him, he rebels against a social and economic order which chokes him; only his rebellion is many times more intense because the hand that does the choking is so much more powerful. Intellectually, the roots of the contemporary intellectual rebels in Russia go back not to the *obshchestvennoe dvizhenie* (the movement of oppositional public opinion in the 19th century), but to the religious tradition and to the whole "modernist" movement, whose impressive development had been cut short by the Revolution, and which they are now attempting to resuscitate.

THE POSITIVE AIMS of the rebels may be summarised in two words: truth and "personalism".

Four years ago, when writing an essay on the Russian intelligentsia for the journal *Daedalus*, I wanted to conclude it with a brief statement to the effect that the modern Russian intellectual had a very special mission to fulfil: "to fight for truth." On the advice of friends I omitted this passage since it sounded naïve and unscientific. Now I regret having done so, because the literature that has appeared in the intervening period has demonstrated repeatedly how important the concept, and even the word "truth" is for Soviet intellectuals. The reason why the word "truth" is in disrepute among us is because we attach to it generally moral connotations; that is, we understand it as a concept which implies the existence of a single criterion of right and wrong—something we are not willing to concede. We react thus because in the environment in which we live our right to perceive is not

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usually questioned; what can be questioned is our interpretation of the perceived reality. But in an environment where the very right to perception of reality is inhibited by claims of the State, the word "truth" acquires a very different meaning. It signifies not true value but true experience: the right to surrender to one's impressions without being compelled for some extraneous reason to interpret and distort them. As such it is a matter of the utmost concern to every intellectual and artist, and in fighting for it liberal Russians are fighting for something without which Russian culture cannot revive.[4]

The theme of "truth" is a veritable *leitmotiv* in the writings of the liberals. Evtushenko begins his recent autobiography[5] (whose original publication in France, in the Paris *L'Express*, has been the cause of his disgrace) with it:

> The poet has a duty to his readers: he must show himself as he is, what he thinks, feels, and does. In return for this privilege—the privilege of expressing the truth for others—he has to pay the price: pitiless devotion to that truth.

Evtushenko's notion of truth is so uncompromising that he denies the writer even the right to be silent in order to avoid lies, demanding that he actively fight them. And when recently an apparently young and liberal Soviet critic, Benedict Sarnov, criticised the rebels Evtushenko and Voznesensky themselves for their alleged literary posing, he repeated the phrase which the great theatrical producer Stanislavsky used to fling at poor actors: "I don't believe a word!"[6]

By the term "personalism" I mean an outlook which claims for the individual human being a small but well-defined sphere of private life where no authority whatever can penetrate. Its precise limits are nowhere defined, but as an idea it is nonetheless very real. I suspect in most cases it means really a right to privacy in matters involving emotions. Just as the concept of "truth" in the Soviet interpretation signifies the assertion of the individual's right to unhindered perception of reality, so "personalism" signifies a right to react to this reality in complete emotional freedom. Together, the two concepts represent a natural reaction to the fantastic presumptions of totalitarianism towards the individual. They are undoubtedly a very real political force, despite their originally unpolitical inspiration.

The Russian intellectual is once more in the vanguard of the Russian liberation movement. We admire and honour him for it. The Russian writers and artists who are to-day fighting against very heavy odds will some day surely be ranked alongside the great fighters for Russian liberty under the old régime. But to say this is not to solve the question of the efficacy of the intellectual ferment as a political force.

The main contribution which the intellectuals of to-day, like their predecessors, make to the establishment of freedom in Russia is to uphold and spread liberty as an ideal. In so doing, they realise a necessary but by no means sufficient precondition of freedom as a fact. From the historical point of view, the establishment of freedom is intrinsically connected with certain definite political and legal institutions. Such institutions are viable only when they rest on concrete social support, *i.e.*, when the ideal of freedom fuses in the consciousness of powerful social groups with the notion of their self-interest.

Regrettably, this does not seem to have happened as yet in Soviet Russia. The fundamental conditions which under Tsarism engendered the passivity of Society vis-à-vis the State continue to prevail. The absence of firm civil rights, the utter dependence of all social groups and classes on the government, and the impunity of the government itself, all militate against the emergence in society of significant liberal forces. In some respects, despotism is self-perpetuating, caught in a vicious circle that can be broken only by some violent upheaval. Where the subjects lack firm and institutionalised rights, they fear activity which can be interpreted as disloyalty to those in political authority, lest other groups in a similar situation take advantage to gain additional benefits from those in power; and where such activity is absent, civil rights are not likely to be established. The result is a kind of national paralysis.

So far, the most important measures of liberalisation put into effect since the death of Stalin have been initiated by the government in its own interest. As yet, no group of the population—except the intellectuals—has shown a willingness to jeopardise its position by challenging those in authority. I am afraid that nothing but an incurable romanticism rooted in Slavophile doctrines can explain the faith which some Westerners still place in the Russian peasant. The historical record certainly does not warrant the belief that he is an ally of freedom in the sense in which we understand it, *i.e.*, as embodied in representative institutions and protected by law. Nor do the other social groups, notably the bureaucracy, display a strong commitment to political liberalisation. And yet, in the end, the prospects of freedom in Russia, as elsewhere, depend precisely on the support of such concrete social groups. In the Soviet Union so far, society is still gripped by fear, inert as well as self-confined, and liberty is still only an idea.

It would be, therefore, a serious mistake, both on the part of Soviet intellectuals and their foreign well-wishers, to expect literature and art to accomplish more than they are capable of by the nature of things. The dramatic intellectual ferment which we are witnessing can and probably will clear the moral atmosphere in Russia; it can make people aware of the legitimate limits to State authority; and it may pave the way for a general cultural renaissance. But political liberty will have to come from other quarters.

Richard Pipes

[4] The distinction which I here draw resembles that which Coleridge makes between "accuracy" or "verbal truth," and "veracity" or "moral truth." (See Essay V, Introductory, in *The Friend*.)

[5] *A Precocious Autobiography* (Collins & Harvill, 16s.).

[6] *Den' poezii* (Moscow, 1962), p. 170.

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LETTERS

"The Intellectual Review"

READERS of ENCOUNTER must be grateful for Sir Denis Brogan's brilliant article, "The Intellectual Review," in the tenth annniversary of this invaluable magazine. Quite apart from the just tribute to ENCOUNTER, the essay reads like a classic of its kind. Where else can one learn so much about the history of the magazine of ideas? Yet I feel that Sir Denis' primary interest in politics suggests the reasons for his failure to mention some of the great *literary* journals, both British and American, of this century. One looks in vain, in his essay, for references to *The Criterion*, *The English Review* (first under Ford Madox Ford, and last under Douglas Jerrold), *The Adelphi* (under Middleton Murry), or *The Calendar of Modern Letters*, a short-lived but immensely important critical journal of the middle-twenties; and where is A. R. Orage's brilliant *The New Age*?

In the United States, *Partisan Review* has been indispensable, but it was never the single tree that Brigham Young found growing in the Salt Lake desert when he said, "This is the place." There are others. *Ubi sunt: The Dial* (1919–1928), *Hound & Horn* (1927–1934), *The Southern Review* (1935–1942), *The Sewanee Review* (1892–), *The Kenyon Review* (1939–), *The Hudson Review* (1948–).

Surely there is a two-way traffic between political thought and literature; but Sir Denis seems to believe that it is one-way, from politics to literature, in a descent of increasing nebulosity, in which the journals I have mentioned are invisible. It is a little discouraging to see taken seriously the contemporary *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's Magazine*. The literary and the political, in ENCOUNTER, have been well balanced; the great value of the magazine has been in its astute awareness of both.

ALLEN TATE

London

I THINK that Mr. Allen Tate has a point, one that I considered before I wrote my article. But I decided that ENCOUNTER was, above all, a polemical magazine with a strong political bias, like *The Edinburgh Review*. I did not quite stick to my principles, but I tried to. It is impossible to be completely comprehensive. Even Mr. Tate is not, for he has omitted a review with first-class claims to inclusion on his terms, *Scrutiny*. I was brought up on Orage's *New Age* by an intelligent schoolmaster and on the Chesterton-Belloc *New Witness* (and the London *Nation*) by an intelligent father, but these weeklies are not, in my sense of the term, reviews; nor do I share Mr. Tate's contempt for *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's*. It was in *The Atlantic Monthly* that I first read Hemingway's "Fifty Grand"; the November (1963) number contains an admirable and lengthy review article on the Eisenhower memoirs, exactly of the type that used to be published in the *Edinburgh* or the *Quarterly*; and what I am told was the best political article I ever wrote appeared in *Harper's* December 1952 number, "The Illusion of American Omnipotence." The fact is that I don't take literary polemics or literary attitudes to politics as seriously as Mr. Tate does. Neither, I think, does ENCOUNTER.

DENIS BROGAN

Peterhouse,
Cambridge

Voltaire & English Scandal

IT WOULD BE GOOD, I think, for your readers (and writers) to know that the article by Lord Gladwyn has been read here in Paris with sympathy and much agreement. Nor need he worry about our being misled by the apparent Anglo-Saxon preoccupation with sex scandals and criminal coups. As Voltaire once wrote (29 March 1749) to an English friend—you will find the text in Besterman's little edition of Voltaire's letters just published (by Nelson) in London—

> "... 'Tis a great pity that y^r^ nation is so overrun with such prodigious lumbers of scandals and scurrilities. However one ought to look upon 'em as the bad fruits of a very good tree, call'd liberty...."

Well put, I think, and in Voltaire's own English.

JEAN-PIERRE GROSSER

Paris

The Feelings of Machines

THE RECENT ACHIEVEMENTS of computers make fascinating reading in G. Rattray Taylor's article *The Age of the Androids* [ENCOUNTER, November]. Yet it seems that he agrees if only reluctantly with the "obstinate fact" (quoted from Michael Scriven) that when a suitably designed computer will be able to give the same responses as a human being, we shall have to ascribe to it feelings, love, understanding, free will, etc. He says that there are no *logical* grounds for refusing this, and italicises the word.

The denial that there are such grounds follows from the assumption *that the meaning of words can be defined in terms of specifiable tests.*

Suppose you express a doubt whether machines can have sentience. You will be challenged to state what are the responses by which you recognise the presence of sentience in man. If you cannot specify these, your doubts will be dismissed as meaningless. On the other hand, if you do give a list of these responses or accept your interlocutor's list of them, he will sketch out a suitable machine which gives these responses and claim to have demonstrated that a machine can have sentience. This is all. Detailed speculations about the design of machines having the mental and

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emotional life of man are hardly relevant; the result is assured in principle by assuming that meaning can be defined in terms of specifiable tests.[1]

But this assumption has strange implications. A. M. Turing has spelt them out in his famous paper of 1950, quoted by Mr. Taylor. He equates the problem: "Can machines think?" with the question whether a computing machine could deceive us as to its own nature as successfully as a human being could. In this experiment, lasting five minutes, both the machine and its human rival were to be hidden behind a screen and were to issue typed slips in response to typewritten questions. Turing estimated that in a few decades machines will be available which would succeed in misleading the audience on most occasions, and in his view this would mean that the machines were thinking. But, by the same token, a malingerer who successfully pretended during a medical examination to be in great pain would have to be recognised as actually suffering pain. The fact that we privately knew that he was not in pain would be excluded from consideration, just as we excluded from consideration our knowledge that the machine behind the screen is an insentient automaton which cannot have the experience of thinking. No essential distinction between a successful fake and a genuine specimen would henceforth be recognised.

Such logic confuses our outlook and corrupts the image of man. David Hume has said that, unlike the follies of theologians, which are dangerous, the follies of philosophers are merely ridiculous. That was true at his time, but to-day we live amidst philosophic mass movements and philosophy must be taken seriously.

MICHAEL POLANYI

Oxford

I italicised the word "logical" to bring out the character of Scriven's paper which was devoted to examining whether there is any method of detecting a fallacy in the computer's reply by logical means.

While I take Professor Polanyi's point I suggest, with respect, that his analogy of the man whom we "privately know" to be a malingerer misses the point since it implies that there is some absolute knowledge to which we can appeal. In the case of the malingerer we might appeal to physiological tests but there are no such tests for establishing whether a respondent is "a person." The question at issue is, thus, whether such a term is to be operationally defined or whether there is some discrete referent in the sense that is assumed by people who use a word like "soul." I take it Professor Polanyi believes this; the problem is to prove it.

G. RATTRAY TAYLOR

London

[1] Of a neural network operating like a digital computer, John von Neumann wrote already in 1948: "A difficulty of principle [for] embodying any mode of behaviour in such a network can exist only if we are also unable to describe that behaviour completely." He denied this possibility. *Hixon Symposium* Ed. Ll.A. Jeffres (London and New York, 1951) p. 23.

After the '30s, the '60s

IT IS *amazing* how historical error persists. The same mistakes that were being made in the 1930s are being repeated, for much the same kind of reasons, in the 1960s. In the 1930s "liberals and exiles" were "obsessed" by the crimes of Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini and Franco. We were accused of exaggeration; of allowing "despair" to guide our thinking; of being "obsessed" by a single idea; of being willing to risk the future of the League of Nations and of risking war because we dared to question the "sanctity of national sovereignty." We were constantly lectured by right-wing liberals that we should be more concerned about the tyrannies of Stalin than about those of the fascist dictators; and by left-wing liberals of the opposite danger.

What has all this to do with Mr. John Mander? Let him speak for himself:

> South African liberals are understandably obsessed with the monstrous evil of *apartheid*. But are there not other "moral issues of universal significance" which one or other of us might like to see corrected by military interference? Tibet, Cuba, or East Germany, for instance?

(I close my eyes and I am back with Lord Halifax, Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Lennox-Boyd.) "It is certainly not good enough for anybody, and certainly not for liberals . . . to pretend that the infringement of sovereignty is a matter of indifference." (*Vide* the statements by the Anglo-German Link in reply to liberals like Eleanor Rathbone.) And, oh, that David Low (fresh from a wigging from Sir Neville Henderson at the behest of Neville Chamberlain) were alive to read again about "the somewhat monotonous hostility of the British Press [which] may be doing a disservice to the enemies of *apartheid*" (*né* Nazism).

Having made this single point I would like to refer to two other major errors in John Mander's analysis of South Africa. The analogy between Israel and South Africa should have led him to recognise that there are more dissimilarities than similarities between the two.

Israel does not contain within itself a larger number of Arabs than Jews—nor was the disproportion so great in Palestine. The Arabs in Israel are a comparatively well treated minority; at least it should be conceded that they are not driven by ill-treatment and despair to plot violence against the state. Partition came to Israel as a result of UN intervention. Israel survived Arab hostility because, *inter alia*, she had powerful friends. The Western nations—though formally hostile—had an overriding interest in preventing Israel's destruction; so did the UN. Neither at the outbreak of the Palestine war, nor at any time since, were the

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Washington

DID HE *have a premonition of tragedy—that he who had set out to temper the contrary violences of our national life would be their victim? Last June when the Civil Rights riots were at their height and passions were flaring, President Kennedy spoke to a group of representatives of national organisations. He tolled off the problems that beset him on every side and then, to the astonishment of his listeners, he suddenly concluded his talk by pulling from his pocket a scrap of paper and reading the famous speech of Blanche of Spain in Shakespeare's "King John":*

The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both; each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.

JAMES RESTON *in the* NEW YORK TIMES

London

PAIN'S HILL COTTAGE, *Cobham, Surrey, once the home of Matthew Arnold, the poet, has been demolished. More than 20 new homes are to be built on the site.* THE TIMES

East Berlin

AN *East German Communist publishing house has just published the famous handbook of Guerilla Tactics by the Cuban revolutionary, Ché Guevara. In the introduction the East German reader is promised a vivid picture of "how a people can overcome the oppressors and win freedom...." But a completely uncut and uncensored edition of this "guide to resistance" was not considered quite advisable. The original sketches with detailed instructions and technical recommendations for partisans and guerillas, have in the East German translation, been omitted.* DIE ZEIT

Nairobi

KENYA'S *Minister of Information, Mr. Oneko, announced to day that he was banning the American Negro comedy "Amos 'n Andy" show from Kenya television. Earlier, the news that a filmed series of the show had been bought by the Kenya Broadcasting Corporation resulted in protests from American Negro organisations. Explaining the ban, Mr. Oneko said that the language in the show was well below that of the average American Negro. As this would have been the first impression many of Kenya's people would have received about the life of the Negro in America, it could be "quite misleading."* THE TIMES

London

FOR THE VERY WORD *insular, which should be bracing with salt-spray and hospitality, long ago acquired drab, smug overtones, and each year the bloodless old defeatists try to make us less of the islanders we are. What would the waiter say if you asked for Dublin Bay prawns? In England to-day you have to call them scampis. What must you do to be* with *it? Dress like an Italian, speak like an American, eat like a Frenchman, and talk incessantly about Brecht.* THE GUARDIAN

New Haven (Conn.)

DURING *Professor Barghoorn's ten days in a Moscow cell, the only reading material he had were copies of* Pravda*—"fortunately I am able to read Russian"—and a copy of Theodore Dreiser's* An American Tragedy. *"Someone with a sense of humour must have given me that," he said.* DAILY MAIL

Westminster

IT IS *nowadays a House of Commons in which the Churchillian chords have sounded for the last time in more than one sense. Sir Winston himself is no longer sounding them and anybody else who made the attempt would risk bathos.*

What has happened to the novel and prose generally has happened to public speaking. Mandarinese (as Cyril Connolly would probably call it) has passed out of fashion. It came as naturally as frockcoats to Sir Winston and such members of his brilliant generation of politicians as Lord Samuel, but these days, in anybody younger than they, it makes the House uneasy and even suspicious. THE TIMES

London

"DIG THIS RHUBARB," *B.B.C. television's new programme, began last night. Each item, consisting of songs and talk, was made up of quotations—"anything that has been said, written, and sung." Clearly a great deal of research had been done resulting in a programme reminiscent of "The Age of Steam."*

DAILY TELEGRAPH

New York

IN THE *film adaptation of Jean-Paul Sartre's "Altona" play, the carelessness of the narration [writes Arthur Schlesinger] is fully sustained by the shoddiness of the writing. For all his philosophical pretension, Mr. Abby Mann, the scriptwriter, is unfortunately tone-deaf when it comes to words. Striving for poetic effect, he has one of his characters talk of a "close intimacy with death"—as distinct, I guess, from remote intimacy with death. Another wonders whether there is "anything evil* with *that heritage," and another says—and obviously not on purpose—"people like you and I." Thomas Edison and I. G. Farben and Gerlach, the fictional shipbuilder, are mentioned in the same breath as if they were three great captains of industry. A quotation from Santayana is ascribed to Goethe, and so on.* SHOW

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Arab states ready to combine their efforts against Israel: the Arab League has been a monument of ineffectuality.

South Africa, on the other hand, has no friends worth speaking of; the UN is deeply hostile to her; all 32 independent African states have agreed (through the O.A.U.'s National Liberation Committee) to combine against her for various agreed purposes—though contrary to what Mr. Mander reports, the Addis Ababa conference did not commit them to military intervention beyond giving support to the South African liberation forces to wage their own struggle more effectively: this is an important distinction which neither Mr. Mander nor Lord Home (who made the same point in his recent UN speech) appears to have understood. By the time the challenge came in Israel, the Arabs were not only a minority but were demoralised and failed to present themselves as a serious internal threat.

His other great error (both in fact and in analysis) is his suggestion that in South Africa as in the Middle East "the attitude of the great powers will be one of careful neutrality; they will act to maintain the equilibrium." This was not the role of the great powers in the Middle East. After 1948 Russia was actively hostile to Israel, while the Western Powers were far from neutral in the way in which they sought to maintain the *status quo*. Since the middle 1950s the Western Powers backed Israel—culminating in British and French "collusion" over the Suez campaign.

But leaving these Middle Eastern errors aside, what makes Mr. Mander suppose that Russia and China will be "carefully neutral" in South Africa? Is it really conceivable that the West will work for an equilibrium against a coalition of the rest of the world on the South African question? Mr. Mander does not even take account of the possibility of Britain having a Labour Government in the next five years. But even under a Home Administration, how does he suggest that Britain could be neutral at the UN as the divisions ripen?

Surely, Mr. Mander should at least have considered the possibility that some or all of the great powers would not be neutral. If he is wrong on this point then so much else he says falls away. Nowhere in his analysis does Mr. Mander show that he has begun to understand the nature and purpose of the campaign for international sanctions —not even when he quotes from "Sandor's" explicit pamphlet. If he had understood, he would have been able to show that the purpose of international pressure is to avoid military intervention (in the sense either of an invasion of South Africa or of a UN military force being put into the country). The pressure by African states is for sanctions, not for military measures. That this is so can be easily ascertained by reading the proposals they have made at the UN. The aim must be to avoid, if at all possible, military campaigns; to stop the danger of an openly racist struggle which would be a threat to world peace—contrary to what Mr. Mander says; and to minimise the risk of anarchy.

But if one's analysis of political forces are so wretchedly wrong, and if one can coolly opt for the sanctity of national sovereignty over the sanctity of human dignity and lives then, I suppose, one should not be too surprised about Mr. Mander's conclusions. Nevertheless, I welcome his contribution because it is essential that we should seriously debate the dangers implicit in the South African situation if we are to get the right kind of decisions at international level.

COLIN LEGUM

London

Arendt's "Eichmann"

THE EXCELLENCE of John Gross's review of "Eichmann in Jerusalem" by Hannah Arendt (ENCOUNTER, November, 1963), is vitiated by your staff writer who gratuitously appended the postscript to Mr. Gross's biographical sketch. "An unfortunately phrased critique in the *New York Times* by Judge Michael Musmanno ... brought violent letters of protest from Dwight MacDonald and Robert Lowell among many others." This is dishonest. Wherein was the critique of Justice Musmanno "unfortunately phrased?" And why did you omit to report that the critique also brought many letters of commendation which the *Times* published together with those of Messrs. MacDonald and Lowell? I know about those letters of commendation because the *Times* printed one of my own.

Miss Arendt's defence of herself [in our present issue] will undoubtedly be instructive. But far more instructive, I suggest, would be an article explaining why an error-filled book and its careless author should be deserving of such respectful attention?

EDITH SAMUEL

New York City

[Mrs. Samuel is too astir. Our paragraph tried briefly to sum up various pro's and con's in the U.S. controversy; it wasn't "dishonest," only concise. As for Judge Musmanno's phrasing, it was more than unfortunate—it was obtuse. His impassioned arguments against Miss Arendt's book in the *New York Times* were only undercut by unwarranted insinuations that she was "sympathising with Eichmann," that she had suggested that "Eichmann loved the Jews," etc. ... Instructive, perhaps, for all the excited polemicists in this raging debate is the warning of the ancient writer who said, "In too much altercation truth is lost. ..."—ED. NOTE.]

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It's never too late to read 20TH CENTURY: our autumn number on education, LEARNERS, was described by the "Teachers World" as "a large number of authoritative and stimulating essays... the value of this important contribution lies precisely in its capacity to promote discussion and encourage enquiry into the wider and deeper issues involved. Contributors to it include Donald MacRae, Tyrrell Burgess, Jo Grimond, Peter Laslett, Philip Abrams, Anthony Chenevix-Trench, Barbara Wootton, Basil Bernstein, Malcolm Bradbury, Ronald Fletcher, Mark Abrams & Sir Isaiah Berlin.

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